Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 17.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, June 9—Last night but four of the engagement of Mr. Murdock. WILD OATS: Rover, Mr. Murdock—OUR MARY ANNE—and THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

MONDAY, June 11—Last night but two of Miss Tree's engagement. THE LADY OF LYONS: Pauline, (1st time), Miss Tree; Melnotte, Mr. Murdock.

TUESDAY, June 12—Last night but one of Miss Tree's engagement. ION: Ion, Miss Tree.

WEDNESDAY, June 13—Mr. MURDOCK'S BENEFIT.

THURSDAY, June 14—Last night of Miss Tree's engagement. THE LADY OF LYONS—Pauline, Miss Tree: Melnotte, Mr. Murdock.

FRIDAY, June 15—MISS TREE'S BENEFIT.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following gentlemen will accept our thanks for the handsome additions to our subscription list, received from them since our last:—W. C. Esq, Missouri—R. C. P., Esq., Va.—J. B. K. Esq.: Md.—F. B. Esq, Pa.—W. L. B. Esq., N. C.—W. G. F. Esq., Arks.—J. G. M., N. Y.—B. L. B., Pa.—and L. R. P. S., Esq., Ky.

Things Theatrical.

THE PARK.—Mr. MURDOCK, from the Tremont Theatre, Boston, made his first appearance at the Park on Monday evening last, playing *Benedict* to the *Beatrice* of Miss ELLEN TREE. He is handsome in person, agreeable in voice and manner, and said to be accomplished in mind. His performance was the result of study, observation, and unquestionable talent—it wanted ease, however; a deficiency which will probably be supplied, when he becomes more familiar—on something more than "speaking terms"—with his audience.

There is slight necessity of speaking of Miss TREE's *Beatrice*, or indeed of any other character she assumes. In every performance she identifies herself to perfection with the person whose name she bears, and never suffers the audience to remember that she is only *acting* a part, till the curtain drops. Altogether she is a lady of great feeling and intellect.

We have omitted to notice the first appearance of Mrs. CRAMER at this house on Saturday; she played *Julia*, and we regret that circumstances oblige us to make that fact a matter of record and not of comment.

Mr. ARTHUR B. SALMON "did enact" *Lucius Junius Brutus*, for his benefit at the National on Wednesday. Mr. S. belongs to the constellation *Pisces*, and is of course a "star"—though, in our poor judgment, one of rather inferior magnitude.

MR. HENRY JOHNSTON'S BENEFIT.—The performances at the National on Tuesday next, will be for the benefit of this veteran comedian. The affair has been taken in hand by a committee of gentlemen warmly interested in his behalf, and we are pleased to recognise the names of very many on the list, who, on a recent occasion, exerted themselves so commendably to present to Mr. GRAHAM, the blind Scotch poet, a *sterling* proof of the respect and constancy of his admirers. The benefit will be a *farewell* one, and we cannot doubt that Mr. Johnston is destined to carry back with him to the land of his birth, a substantial token of the favorable impression which his professional abilities and private worth have left on all who have been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—A more beautiful spot than this is not to be found in our city. It is perfect repose to go there, when wearied with dust and heat, and like the idle Tityrus, commune for an hour or so with the flowers and trees. Pleasanter still is it for those who like music as well as they do another sort of noise, to pass an evening there. Rarely have we heard the simple ballad given with more sweetness and pathos; and even in more difficult and less appreciated music, the heroes and heroines of the "gay science," live in perfect harmony with the orchestra. NIBLO can hardly improve this department, unless he engages St. CECILIA, and we have some doubts whether she would descend to his terms. Seriously, the public seem to have a strong predilection for the innocent and intellectual gratification which the Garden affords them, in its delightful music, and its equally agreeable and attractive Vaudevilles.

Our little Miss WELLS has been playing with marked success in Philadelphia; on Tuesday last she played *La Sylphide* with BROUGH, for his benefit. Miss FISHER has made a great hit as *Pauline*, in the Lady of Lyons, WOOD playing Claude Melnotte. FORNASARI gave a farewell concert on Thursday—"his last appearance in this country," the bills say; he was assisted by Brough and FABJ.

BURTON and other great creatures of the Philadelphia company, at the Chesnut Street Theatre, have lately been playing with WARD at Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE JONES have returned to town from Boston, where they have been playing with PELBY, at the National. BARRY has renewed his lease of the Tremont for three years, we hear. There appears to be no stars at either house, last week being "Artillery Election," or some "notion" of that kind.

Mrs. LEWIS and M. FIELD are at St. Louis, with "Old Sol." J. M. FIELD and his lady, (late Miss ELIZA RIDDLE), from Mobile, are at the National Theatre, Cincinnati; JOHN R. SCOTT, ditto. MARBLE, the Sam Patch man, is at the Pavilion Theatre in the same city.

LUDLOW closed the Mobile Theatre on the 5th May. TOM PLACIDE kept open the rival establishment a while longer.

The RAVELS, at St. Louis, were to be succeeded by Miss CLIFTON, who was to return there again from Louisville, so successful was her first engagement.

Poor "JEMMY THORNE," SCOTT's partner, came as near being used up at Vicksburg, as was Col. JOHNSON the day before the match between Eclipse and Henry—by a lobster salad. He is now at Cincinnati, in full blast, having recovered his legs and his appetite. His theatre is doing a fine business.

The BANNISTERS, Mesdames PROCTOR & WHITE, and a Mr. PORTER, are at Pittsburg with WEMYSS.

PARSONS goes to Philadelphia to fulfil an engagement at the Walnut-St. to-day, and we commend him to the consideration of our loving friends there.

Master BOWERS is the great card at Mrs. DRAKES' Theatre, Louisville.

FORREST has leased HACKETT's house in Reed-street, in this city, for two years, and probably will not go abroad again. Hackett does not visit Europe until the Fall; he expects to remain for several years.

Poor DICK RUSSELL is gone! He died suddenly at New Orleans on the 19th ult., at 4 o'clock in the morning, a few days only after the corner stone was laid of his new theatre. He leaves an estate, we hear, of near $100,000. The Picayune has the following notice of him:—

Died, yesterday morning, the 19th inst., about three o'clock, Richard Russell, Esq., aged 50 years, manager and proprietor of the Camp-street theatre, of this city. We regret that we have neither time nor materials to give a full biography of a man whom all knew only to respect. His remains were followed to the grave yesterday afternoon by the Odd Fellows' Association, of which he was a member, and a large concourse of friends.

Mrs. BAILEY (late Miss WATSON) has been giving concerts with great success at Lexington and Frankfort, Ky. She is now at Cincinnati, where she is engaged at Scott & Thorne's theatre.

MRS. SHAW AND MISS ELLEN TREE.—Our attention has been called by a correspondent, to an elaborate and ornate criticism upon the performances of these two ladies, which appeared in the Mobile Commercial Register, over the signature of "Siddons," on the 19th May. Coinciding as we do with the writer in many of his views of their relative personations, and glad as we should be to place before our readers an article so embued with the sense and taste of a profound Mobile critic, its great length and the crowded state of our columns interpose an insuperable bar to its immediate insertion.

Messrs. TURNER & FISHER, Dramatic Publishers, have removed from 36 Division Street, to 52 Chatham. The superior style and accuracy with which they "get up" the acting plays of the day, have long since secured for their editions a marked preference in theatrical circles.

NEW ORLEANS THEATRICALS.

NEW ORLEANS, May 15, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I now fulfil my promise of writing to you, made when you were last here. Circumstances arising out of business, and the "thousand other ills that flesh is heir to," are the only excuses I have to offer. Your Mr. LEEFE leaves here on to-morrow for the "far west!" this word, or rather this expression, is in every body's mouth, and is used as familiarly in Texas, as it is in the United States.

Our theatrical, that is our regular theatrical, season has closed. RUSSELL has re-opened the Camp for a summer campaign, a short one, and is doing a very good business. Mr. BARNES, Mrs. BARNES, Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES—Mr. COWELL, Mrs. COWELL, and Miss —— COWELL, and Mr. HARRISON, are among the company.

The corner stone of the new Theatre was laid a few days since with much form and ceremony. May it rise like a Phœnix from the ashes of bigoted prejudice, to be as a shining light in the dramatic world—*this is our prayer*.

CALDWELL has already commenced beautifying his already *beautiful* edifice. His next season will be rich in all that constitutes the drama. We have a high opinion of James H. Caldwell, and take great pleasure in naming him. His fame is linked with the history of the drama in the south, and forms a part of its existence—deprive it of but a moiety of his influence, and the child of Melpomene in this section of the country, would be remembered only as

"That such things were."

There is a rich pleasure in the remembrance of his dramatic exertions, like unto that derived from a perusal of the history of the golden days of the drama. For what is the drama, without morality? what is the stage without a censor?

They are about establishing a Theatre in Texas; the city of Houston is the Athens for another *Sophocles* and *Eurepédes*, to immortalize themselves. The cities of all Europe bloom with the flowers of the drama, but here it blooms, and flourishes in our very wilderness. Our *For-est* is alive, and the very *Bird*'s atune their little throats to music and the praise of Thalia. There is not a town or village of any extent beyond the Blue Ridge but has not a theatrical exhibition of some kind. Go on we say, prospering and to prosper.

I should like to say something pretty about Miss CLIFTON, but my time and place will not permit. She should head an article, and be its "bright particular theme." She is a great actress—will be greater.

I have now done with my theatrical news—what else shall I say?—nothing more than wishing you all happiness and success in this world, and run your chance in the next. Respectfully yours, B.

Mr. C. Kean took his benefit and terminated his engagement at Edinburgh on Saturday week, when such was the demand for places, that the orchestra had to be dispossessed of its usual occupants and converted into boxes. Hamlet was the character he represented, and to judge from the enthusiastic cheering which greeted him on his entrance, and the intense interest excited by the personation, we think Mr. Kean as attractive as ever. He was loudly called for at the conclusion of the tragedy, when he came forward and returned his thanks in a brief and appropriate speech. On Monday evening last he commenced an engagement in Glasgow, on which occasion the spacious theatre was crowded to the ceiling.

ADELPHI.—A new piece called Pat and his Potatoes, or The Abandoned Irishman, was brought out at this theatre on Monday night, with a view of affording further scope for the display of the inimitable Irish humor of Mr. Power. The plot of the piece has nothing to recommend it, being absurd and extravagant, but in Mr. Power's hands it could not fail of eliciting peals of laughter.

ST. JAMES'S.—A new burletta, under the title of Love and Charity, was produced at this theatre on Thursday night. The plot turns on the poverty of a new married couple—and the main duties of the piece devolve on Mrs. Sterling. The piece was eminently successful.

It is not generally known that Lablache is the present instructor of her Majesty in singing.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Norma* was revived on Thursday, with Grisi as the heroine. As a happy combination of dignity, passion, and feeling, Grisi's performance can scarcely be surpassed. Albertazzi sang delightfully, and it being her first appearance this season, she was warmly welcomed by the audience. Her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent were present.

THE SEVEN DIALS.

The stranger who finds himself in "The Dials" for the first time, and stands, Belzoni-like, at the entrance of seven obscure passages, uncertain which to take, will see enough around him to keep his curiosity and attention awake for no inconsiderable time. From the irregular square into which he has plunged, the streets and courts dart in all directions, until they are lost in the unwholesome vapour which hangs over the house-tops, and renders the dirty perspective uncertain and confined; and lounging at every corner, as if they came there to take a few gasps of such fresh air as has found its way so far, but is too much exhausted already to be enabled to force itself into the narrow alleys around, are groups of people, whose appearance and dwellings would fill any mind but a regular Londoner's with astonishment.

On one side, a little crowd has collected round a couple of ladies, who having imbibed the contents of various "three-outs" of gin and bitters in the course of the morning, have at length differed on some point of domestic arrangement, and are on the eve of settling the quarrel satisfactorily, by an appeal to blows, greatly to the interest of other ladies who live in the same house, and tenements adjoining, and who are all partisans on one side or other.

"Vy don't you pitch into her, Sarah?" exclaims one half-dressed matron, by way of encouragement. "Vy don't you? if *my* 'usband had treated her with a drain last night, unknown to me, I'd tear her precious eyes out—a wixen!"

"What's the matter, ma'am?" inquires another old woman, who has just bustled up to the spot.

"Matter!" replies the first speaker, talking *at* the obnoxious combatant,,, matter! Here's poor dear Mrs. Sullivan, as has five blessed children of her own, can't go out a charing for one arternoon, but what hussies must be a comin', and 'ticing avay her oun 'usband, as she's been married to twelve year come next Easter Monday, for I see the certificate ven I vas a drinkin' a cup o' tea vith her, only the werry last blessed Ven'sday as ever was sent. I 'appen'd to say promiscuously 'Mrs. Sulliwin,' says I——"

"What do you mean by hussies!" interrupts a champion of the other party, who has evinced a strong inclination throughout to get up a branch fight on her own account ("Hoo-roar," ejaculates a pot-boy in parenthesis, "put the kye-bosk on her, Mary!"), "What do you mean by hussies?" reiterates the champion.

"Niver mind," replies the opposition expressively, "niver mind; *you* go home, and, ven you're quite sober, mend your stockings."

This somewhat personal allusion, not only to the lady's habits of intemperance, but also to the state of her wardrobe, causes her utmost ire, and she accordingly complies with the urgent request of the bystanders to "pitch in," with considerable alacrity. The scuffle becomes general, and terminates, in minor play-bill phraseology, with "the arrival of the policemen, interior of the station-house, and impressive *dénouement*."

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MISS ELLEN TREE'S ION.

The ornate and elegant criticism subjoined, upon the tragedy of *Ion*, and Miss ELLEN TREE's classical personation of the principal character, appeared in the Charleston "Courier" in January last, during Miss T.'s engagement in that city. It is from the versatile and gifted pen of Dr. JOHN B. IRVING, of Charleston, a gentleman of rare attainments, whose writings, not less than his lectures, have acquired for him a distinguished reputation for ripe scholarship and refined taste. It is generally understood that Dr. Irving has yielded to the solicitations of his Northern friends, to deliver a course of lectures in this city at the termination of his engagements in our sister cities. As the course embraces the popular theme of the Drama, our city readers, from the article annexed, may form some idea of the felicity and good sense with which the subject will be approached.

ION.—This remarkable Tragedy, from the pen of Sergeant Talfourd, is, we believe, the only dramatic production of its author. It was performed for the first time at Covent Garden, early in the year 1836, for the benefit of Mr. Macready, that gentleman playing the part of Ion; and in order that the piece should be produced with the greatest eclat, Miss Ellen Tree was sent for to London, being absent at the time on a professional tour, to sustain the character of *Clemanthe*.

So powerful a cast could not fail to stamp it favorably on the public mind—putting out of the question the merit of the piece itself, and the evident care with which it is written—the revision upon revision which it is said to have undergone before it was submitted for representation. There is an *on dit* that Sergeant Talfourd was twenty years engaged in its composition—the probability is, that he commenced it many years ago—laying it aside, and taking it up again from time to time, as leisure permitted or the spirit moved him; intending, with something of the same ambition that is now actuating our own countryman Washington Alston, in the completion of his long expected Chef d'Œuvre, *Belshazzar's Feast*, to rest his fame as a dramatic writer, solely upon it.

The success of Ion before a London audience was most decided. In the spring of the same year that it was brought out—1836, it was got up also, at the Haymarket Theatre, Miss Tree then playing Ion for the first time. The fresh interest infused into the part by the appearance of this charming young lady in it, secured it a most successful run during the whole season.

The exalted reputation that thus heralded this piece across the water, and the "palpable hit" that Miss Tree was reported to have made in her personation of the undaunted foundling of Argos, could not fail, on its announcement for performance in Charleston, to produce a general turn out of all the lovers of the legitimate drama. The house was crowded in every part, and we were delighted to recognize amid the gay throng, many faces and venerable heads well known to fame and virtue; indeed, we cannot but think that a more regular attendance at our Theatre of this order of our community, would have a most beneficial effect upon the drama, *the nature of the performances*, we mean—and go far to save us ultimately from the censure of those whom (whilst we admit in many respects they may sometimes have good cause of complaint) we are sorry to say, in the matter of dramatic representations, seem unable, from a too limited knowledge of the world, to separate the *abuse* from the *use* of "a mortal thing."

The play of Ion is highly classical—grand—full of beautiful imagery—calling forth all the associations connected with the classic and heroic ages—it is evidently moulded upon the ancient Greek Tragedy—not only maintaining *unity in the action*, so characteristic of the ancient drama, but being remarkably simple in the plot; to such a degree, indeed, as to appear to many, when contrasted with the more lively variety of events—the greater display of characters, and the greater action that marks the modern Theatre of passion, to be too naked, and destitute of interesting situations.

The characters, too, as presented by Sergt. Talfourd, under the dominion of fate—an imperious necessity—though built on history, appear rather as exhibitions of the imagination of the dramatist, than delineations of real life—rather the draught and coloring of a poetic creation, than of man as he was, or is, or can be.

Such a play, then, will delight more in the *closet* than on the *stage*—it must please the *student* rather than the *multitude*, with whom action and "dumb show" are of more potency, than the beauties of sentiment or the incantations of poesy.

The character of Ion, remote as we now view it from the heroic period, is quite a romantic combination, made up of conflicting feelings—the elements of gentlest virtue cast in mould heroical—Patriotism is the governing passion, the end justifying the means. Yet there is a *conflict of conscience*. No sooner does he devote himself to do the service of the Gods—

"To perform the great duty of his life"

no matter to what he may be called, than we behold a human sympathy—a soft emotion—a sweet sense of kindred—a somthing like filial love it is, mysteriously tugging at his heart-strings against his purpose—his predestined crime—but the genius of patriotism enthroned in the majesty of virtue on the soul of the devoted Boy, was not to be o'erswayed by the petitions of humanity, although, afterwards, the *voice of nature* pleaded not in vain.

Miss Tree's performance of this beautiful character is full of effect. The commanding traits are given with life and feeling. Full of the beauties of her author, she seizes with avidity every opportunity of displaying that taste, judgment, and *picturesqueness*, (if we may be permitted to coin a word to express our meaning,) for which she is so remarkable—perhaps the power and compass of voice may be wanting in one so delicate, to give full effect to the utterance of some of the more dignified sentiments, yet her grace, the possession of that taste and feeling, to which we have alluded, qualifies her better perhaps than any other candidate for histrionic fame that has attempted this part, for depicting with truth the tender and pathetic scenes. It is in this character that we at once discover that Miss Tree has not neglected to seek the best sources for her intellectual improvement, and that nature has been with her a principal study.

There are certain scenes in Miss Tree's enactment of this character which merit particular notice. The first in order is her interview with Adrastus—act 2d, scene 1st—Adrastus asks—"Wilt listen?" Ion replies—"Like a child."

Now, in these few simple words, as uttered by Miss Tree, and throughout the whole of the scene, we see, standing out in bold relief, all the amiableness—the heroism of Ion—his reliance for protection, *even in the lion's den*, upon those powers that made the occasion of his peril—for, in another place, Ion remarks,

"They who called me to the work, can shield me."

All this speaks out in the manner and voice of Miss Tree, and shows that the resolve of Ion emanates from a soul that must not fear, manned to perform unflinchingly his mission—reckless of all consequences to self—convinced at the same time, in a becoming loftiness of spirit, that in the working out of a great end, good may be effected even by the humblest instrument. Indeed we are prepared for this in the preceding scene, by the following beautiful remark that Ion makes to the High Priest, when he solicits permission to undertake the embassy, and which the touching melody of Miss Tree's voice enables her to utter in sweetest cadence:

"O sages, do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send *me!*
The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lips of Phœbus;—Ye are wise,
And needed by your country; ye are fathers:
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By stranger's bounty cherished, like a wave
That from the summer's sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside,
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking."

The second scene of the third act is also worthy of notice. The consecration of Ion to the great cause—his look of earnest anxiety—the *picture* of the feelings that were at that moment agitating his soul—his wrapt listening—his question—

"Was not that thunder?"

As if Jupiter Tonans, had called to him from Heaven—the pressing the conse]

crated instrument to his heart, and then the *self-possession* of the hero, were all fine exhibitions of the histrionic art, and reminded us of the palmy days of old Kean.

The repeated transitions from the heroic to the tender, which continually occur in this character were generally well marked and preserved by Miss Tree. We think she was highly successful immediately after Ion's dedication of himself to the destruction of the King of Argos and his race, in *hiding the knife* on the entrance of Clemanthe and in the utterance of these words:—

"Some one approaches—I must hide this knife—
Hide! I have ne'er till now had aught to hide
From any human eye."

And then again, the transition from the tenderness engendered by his interview with Clemanthe, to the sudden recollection of his high destiny, roused by voices without calling "Ion—Ion." The exclamation "hark! I am called"—and the wild rush out to the thicket where he was waited for, were most happily managed.

But the 4th Act, most particularly, elicited our approbation. The entrance of Ion into the royal chamber, where the sleeping Monarch lies, as if death had sent his *most gracious angel* to accomplish "the great redress" of Argos.

The remark,

"Gods! to what office have ye doomed me? Now—"

The arm uplifted to strike at the same time—the shrug of horror at finding he has escaped the crime of Patricide by the timely interruption of Medon, the Priest—The vacant rolling of the eye—the mental and physical prostration that immediately succeeds—the falling senseless on the ground, were all the triumphs of a master spirit—the desolation of soul, too, the *orphanage* that speaks out in her manner afterwards, when, in turning from the slaughtered body of Adrastus, she says

"He's dead! and I am fatherless again!"

was very fine—full of pathos and of nature!

In making these remarks so favorable to the performance of Miss Tree, we feel bound in common justice to notice the able support she received from Mr. Jamieson as Adrastus. We record our opinion with much pleasure, that notwithstanding some little irregularities, the Adrastus of Mr. Jamieson, is a very fine piece of acting. The mind of this gentleman seemed fully alive to the dignity and pathos of the part, manifesting, also, a study and attention to the business of the piece extremely commendable. When it is remembered that Mr. Jamieson, from the circumstances of the Theatre, has had, at a very short notice, to assume the long and laborious parts he has appeared in this season, it will readily be conceded by all that he has achieved wonders in his profession, and affords a pleasing earnest of future celebrity. Some may doubtless think that he requires a little more variety in his manner, and expression of countenance—a few more lights in his dark and stern portraitures—this is no doubt the case, and is a blemish certainly, but it may have arisen in some measure from the cause we have stated—his not feeling, from too hurried a study, sufficiently easy in his part to do all that he might accomplish under other circumstances.

Taken throughout, however, we cannot speak too highly of his general conception and illustration of the part of Adrastus. It is certainly the best thing he has done this season. We have not leisure to advert to more than one or two of the scenes in which he appeared to us to excel.

Ion. If thou hast ever loved—
Adrastus. Beware! Beware!
Ion. Thou hast! I see thou hast—Thou art not marble—
Adrastus. That tone—that tone
Whence came it? from thy lips? It cannot be—
The long hush'd music of the only voice
That ever spake unbought affection to me,
And wak'd my soul to blessing! O sweet hours
Of golden joy, ye come! your glories break
Thro' my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds!
Roll on! Roll on!

In the above passage the gradual awakening of Adrastus from his misanthropic stupor, roused to human sympathy by the tones of a voice, that touched the secret spring which showed some pulse of good still lived within his nature—his enforcement to speak the story of his woes unbreathed before to human ears—and the passing away of his horrid purpose, as if pity, "like a new born babe," sat on his awakened heart, and made him speak its own language, was well imagined and portrayed.

Again, towards the end of the same scene when Adrastus says,

"She spoke no word, but clasp'd me in her arms,
And lay her down to die—A lingering gaze
Of love she fixed on me, none other loved—
And so passed hence. By Jupiter, her look!
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in't—Bear with me—I am childish!"

These lines, as rendered by Mr. Jamieson, fully merited the applause they called down. And again, when Adrastus, dying, says to Ion with his last breath, "Bless thee, King of Argos!" we fancied we detected in the intonation of Mr. Jamieson a very appropriate commingling of parental and regal pride. If so, we give him great credit for a just and beautiful conception of the part—and we doubt not, from the previous dialogue, that such is the author's meaning.

Mrs. Knight is likewise deserving of praise for her chaste and correct performance of the part of Clemanthe.

Before we conclude this long article, as the performances of the theatre seem now attracting more than ordinary attention, we would respectfully recommend to special notice the editorial criticisms that from time to time appear in the Southern Patriot. The articles I allude to are from the pen of a ripe scholar and very judicious observer, and must go far if attentively "read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested," to give a very profitable direction to the public taste.

A Friend to the Drama.

JACK A-SHORE.

Again the spinners assembled on the old spot before the foremast, and once more they commenced their tough yarns.

"I say, Bob!" exclaimed Joe Nighthead, "then I'm blessed if we shan't cut the shine out o' all the saucy frigates on the station; and they may get up a gingerbread battle at the theatre, with the thrash-'em-all Spankaway and her prizes!"

"I hope it ull be a better consarn than I once fell foul on in a place they called 'Bart'lemy Fair,'" said the captain of the forecastle. "Well, I'm blowed if it warn't out-and-out gammon! D'ye mind, I was in the owld Goliah seventy-four, in Ninety-eight, at the Nile; and led into the action, although Hood in the Zealous tried d— hard for it; but our skipper, Captain Foley, warn't the boy to let him do the trick, for the Goliah had the heels of the Zealous, and we passed a-head of her, inside the enemy's line, every gun double-shotted: 'Because,' says our skipper, says he, 'we'll take 'em on the in-shore side, as the chance is, they'll not expect us there, and that broadside won't be manned;' which in course was all right enough, and just as we found it. Well then, I'm blessed if it did'nt look funny to run so close to 'em that you might have seen a moskito wink his eye. We tried first for the French Gorear, but slipped past him to the Conkerant, cause the best bower hung in the stopper arter they'd got the cable out abaft. Howsomever, I arn't going to fight the battle o'er again; ownly at the peace we got long leave, and, having lots of prize-money, I thought I'd go up to Lunnun, just to see what sort of a place it was, as I'd heard my shipmates in their watch overhaul a good deal about it. Well, my boys, I just takes a berth 'pon deck in one o' your fly-by-night wehicles from Portsmouth; but, as to what sort of a passage we had, I don't much disremember about it, seeing as I'd had more plush that day than any cook o' the mess in the sarvice. Howsomever, next morning, I finds myself all snug, riding it out in a four-masted thing-'em-he, as they calls a post bed along shore, and the canvas was hanging in the brails; and there was chairs, and a table, and a looking-glass, and t'other thing, all ship-shape; and I'm blow'd if there warn't a beauty alongside o' me: 'Yo-hoy!' says I, 'what ship, my darling?'—'The Goliah, to be sure,' says she: 'don't you know that?'—'I'm blow'd,' says I, "if you arn't more like a cousin than an acquaintance. How came you in my hammock?' says I.—'You was groggy last night,' says she, laughing like a tickled Wenus, 'and so I was afeard you'd rowl out.'—'All right, my precious!' says I; 'but where's the shot, my darling?'—'All safe in the locker,' says she; and so it was, shipmates, every bit of it, not a stiver missing. 'That's my tight un!' says I; and, in course, Bob, we consorts together, and that arternoon we hauled our wind for what she called 'showing me the city;' but I'm blessed, shipmates, if I could see anything for the houses till we got to a place as I said afore was named 'Bart'lemy Fair.' Now, in regard o' Sal's kindness, d'ye mind, I'd rigged her out fore-and-aft, from the keel to the truck, with a spick-and-span new suit o' sails; and, as far colors, then I'm —— if she hadn't an ensign and pennant as long as that 'ere craft as swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight going down Channel. Her gownd was covered with flowers, every one on 'em as big as a cabbage; and her bonnet would have sheltered the frigate's marines in a snow-storn. Then she'd pink silk stockings upon her legs, as warn't like yer kickshaw-spindle-shank sliding-gunter ladies', but a reg'lar pair of good, stout lower-deck stancheons, as 'ud howld up stiff in a squall. She wanted boots; but I thought it 'ud be a sin and a shame to hide such handsome and proper consarns in leather-casings, so I stepped her heels into pink long-quartered pumps with blue sandals, in regard o' the color o' the jacket. Then she'd a broad red band round her waist, with a fathom and a half of the same towing over her starn, and when the wind caught it, why it blow'd out like a pennant from the peak as a signal for going to church. She'd blue at the main, and a banging gold watch hanging a cockbill under one of her cat-heads; and a smarter-looking frigate—ownly she was pimpled a little about the nose with grog blossoms—I never set eyes on.

"Well, shipmates, so she said she'd show me Lunnun; but, Lord love yer hearts! I couldn't never make out nothing but a big church as they called Sam Paul's, booming up in the air so, as you couldn't see anybody in the tops. At last we got to Bart'lemy Fair, and then there was som'ut to look at, for I'm blow'd if they hadn't turned the hands up to skylark, or rather to mischief! There was such a halloo-bulloo, and some of the lubbers began to overhaul their jawing gear so as to pay out the slack of their gammon, that I should have been dead flabbergasted if it hadn't been for Sal, who pitched it at 'em again, sometimes sending a long shot a-head, and then giving 'em round and grape from her starn-chasers. As for the shows! well then, I'm blessed if there warn't a little som'ut of every thing! At last I spies outside one of the booths "The Battle of the Nile to be-seen here!" with some more lingo about machinical figures and tommytons; but, 'Blow me tight, Sal!' says I, 'that ere's just what I must see, in regard o' the owld Goliah and Lord Nelson.' So I tips the blunt to a fellow in a box and walks in, with Sal alongside of me, and a woman comes round with a basket of oranges, and axes me to buy. Well, shipmates, seeing as I'd plenty o' dumps, I buys the whole cargo, and sarves 'em out to all hands, young and old, whilst the fiddles struck up 'Jack's alive!' and presently they mans the fore-clew garnets, buntlings, and leechlins, and up went the foresel in a crack, and the music changed to 'Come cheer up, my lads!' and says I to Sal, 'Then I'm —— if I don't, owld gal, and so here goes!' and I took a precious nip from a bottle o' rum she'd stowed away in her ridicule. And there was the sea all pretty and picter-like, and the shore beyond; but the devil a bit could I see of the French fleet at anchor, or a craft of any build or rig, till there was a flash o' priming, and then in sails a ship under British colours, and fires a gun; and then in comes another, and another, till there wur the whole of Nelson's squadron, though they were no more like line o' battlers than Mungo Pearl is like the Archbishop of Canterbury. Still, shipmates, I says nothing; 'Mayhaps,' thinks I to myself, 'it may do all very well for them know-nothings as never seed a seventy-four in their lives.' But, presently, when they'd all hove in sight, in comes the French fleet arter them, just as if for all the world Nelson had run away, and owld Brewy was in chase. 'D— my precious limbs!' says I to myself, but that's coming it pretty strong!' and I shies a orange at the French admiral and capsizes him, so that he went down directly. 'Who threw that 'ere?' shouts a man, poking his head up right in the middle of the sea, like a grampus coming up to blow. 'It was I, and be d—d to you!' says I, shieing another at him, that took him right in his bridle port. 'You lubberly son of a sea-coote!' says I, 'when did Nelson ever run from the enemy, you wagabone? And here goes again!' says I; for, shipmates, my blood was up, and I slaps another shot at a Frenchman, and sunk him in an instant. Sal hailed me to sit still, and everybody shouted, and the fellow bobs his head down under the sea again; 'Battle of the Nile!' says I, 'and me one of the owld Goliahs, as had young Muster Davies killed alongside o' me! Make the French run, and be d—d to you!' says I; 'heave about, and strike your colors! That arn't the battle of the Nile, yer tinkering tailors!' But, finding that they were slack in stays, and that the French fleet were pursuing the English, I couldn't bear it any longer, shipmates; so up I jumps, and boards the stage, and puts two or three of the French liners into my pocket, when the same fellow rouses out again right through the water, and pitches into me right and left; and I lets fly at him again, till a parcel of pollis-officers came in, and there I was grabbed, and brought up all standing. Howsomever, as they axed me very purlitely to go with 'm, why in course I did, carrying my prizes and Sal along with me, afore some of the big-wigs, and 'Yo-hoy, yer honors!' says I, making my salaams in all due civility, 'I'm come to have justice done me on that 'ere gander-faced chap as pretends to fight the battle of the Nile, and me one of the owld Goliahs!'—'Your worships,' says the man, 'he 'salted me, and 'salted my ships'—'And pretty pickle you've made of it, you lubber!' says I. And then the big-wigs axed what it was all about, and the man ups and tells 'em about the fleets, and my shieing the oranges, and hitting him in the eye, and the whole consarn, even to my having the Frenchmen stowed away in my lockers. And the big-wigs laughed; and one on 'em says to me, says he, 'Now, sailor, let us hear what you've got to say for the *defence*.'—'The Defence, yer honors!' says I, glad to find they know'd som'ut about the squadron; 'the Defence,' says I; 'why, yer honors, she came up a-starn o' the Minnytaw, though she afterwards took her station a-head of her, and engaged the Franklin French eighty—'—'All very good,' says the genelman; 'but we want to know what you've got to say for yourself?'—'Well, yer honor,' says I, 'it arn't altogether ship-shape for a fellow to blow his own trumpet, but I was stationed the fifth gun from chock aft on the lower-deck, and I hopes I did my duty.'—'We've no doubt on it, my man, says another of 'em; 'but how came you to attack this man's *expedition*?'—'Oh, yer honors, if it's only an expedition, says I, 'then I got nothing to say again it, ownly he chalked up that it was the battle o' the Nile, and there warn't one of the French fleet at anchor, but all under way, and giving chase to the English.'—'He mistakes, yer worship,' says the man; 'I brought the English fleet on first, out of compliment to 'em.'—'And a pretty compliment toe, ye lubber, to make 'em be running away!' says I.—'But, you have done wrong, sailor, in mislesting him,' says one of the big-wigs. 'Let us see the vessels you have taken.' So, shipmates, I hauls 'em out of my pocket; and I'm blessed if they wur anything more nor painted pasteboard as went upon wheels, and 'Here's the prizes, yer honors!' says I, handing 'em over; 'it's easy enough to see the wagabone's a cheat.'—'Still he's entitled to his expedition,' says the mag'strate; and I'm sure one of Nelson's tars wouldn't wish to injure a fellow-countryman!'—'Lord love yer honor's heart! no, to be sure I wouldn't,' says I, 'and so he may have the prizes back again.'—'But you have done him some damage, my man; and you're too honest not to pay for it,' says he.—'All right, yer honor!' says I, 'in course I'll pay. What's the damages, owld chap?' So the fellow pulled a long face: and at last the big-wigs axed him whether ten shillings would satisfy him? and he makes a low bow, as much as to say 'Yes.'—'All square,' says I, and I pitches a guinea on the table. 'Take it out o' that!' says I; 'and, yer honors, he may keep the whole on it if he'll let me go and have another shy at the French.' But the gentlemen laughed me out of it, and the lubber had his ten shillings; and Sal and I made sail for a tavern, where we got all happy, and then bowled home in the cabin of a coach, singing 'Rule Britannia.'"

"Ah, you man handled 'em like a Briton!' said old Jack Sheavehole. "There's nothing like a shot in or two to bring the lubbers to reason."

SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF IRELAND.

Dycer's—since one of the most extensive horse repositories in Europe—was not then in existence at the era to which this refers. The Tattersall's of Dublin was Goulding's, a wretched establishment in a dirty lane off South Ann Street. A recent "Dandy on his Travels" tell us that Tunis stands unrivalled on the earth as a place of natural bad smells: I think he would have written otherwise had Fortune afforded him a sniff of Goulding's yard. In this most unsavory alley did the gentlemen sportsmen assemble weekly upon auction days; and such a *tout ensemble* is not to be found in these times. Occasionally some very superior animals were brought to the hammer, but the style of thing beggared description. "The ride" upon which they were shewn was a filthy lane, execrably paved, its natural condition rendered a thousand times worse by the presence of all imaginable abominations. Over this slippery pavement, full of holes as a rabbit's burrow, they were trotted, galloped, and (a bar being always called for) jumped, without a saddle, by a distracted being called "Barney." Let no one suppose that, having been to Bedlam, he can form any idea of the show-groom of Goulding's! At the former place, the madmen are exhibited sober; at the latter, the miserable lunatic was invariably drunk. To this national mart I took my way "in search of a horse." It was kept by the two brothers Goulding—like the Adelphi Tattersall—personages not common to the everyday specimens of the genus *homo*. My need was soon made known, and the *frere* Goulding to whom I addressed myself, pointing his little sharp red whiskified nose and bleary ferrety eyes full upon me, answered my questioning *a l'Irlandaise*.

"Lately come to Dublin, Sir?"—"Just so"—"Portobello Barracks?"—"Exactly."—"Want something of the right kind?"—"That's the sort would suit me best."—"I'm the man, then, that *will* shoot you: here, Barney, bring out the chesnut."—"Stop! if you want my custom, we will negotiate without Barney. What have you got, and where does it stand?"—"You want a hunter to carry you as a gentleman ought to be carried: that chesnut behind the door is as good as ever tuck six feet coped and dashed in stroke: he is by Swordsman, and has won two steeple chases this season, *and that's the rason he's to be sold for half his value.*"—"That certainly is a singular effect of such a cause! broke down in the last, I suppose?"—"Sound as a roach, warranted: send him to Watts, and if he is not passed, I'll pay the money."—"Well, what's the figure?"—"A hundred for the lot, and cheap as if they were given away."—"The lot? what, you mean his clothes in? theyr'e not worth much."—"No, I don't; I mean that grey hack that stands in the next stall, *and that young man sotting in the manger.*"—"What the devil are you driving at? do you think me as drunk as Barney, or have you been at the case-bottle yourself this morning? You offer me first a hunter at half his value, because he has been winning steeple chases, and then a young man for sale as coolly as a slave dealer! let's have an end of this foolery: I'll give you eighty for the horse at a word. I don't want the hack or the young gentleman."—"Couldn't take ninety-nine: I'll tell you the fact as it is, and if you don't deal I shall not be long without a customer. The lot belongs to a Mr. D——, the son of the Rev. Mr. D——, of the county Wexford. The old gentleman only discovered the other day that his son had a steeple chase establishment: all kinds of racing are his abomination: so he succeeded, by some manœuvre, to get the young one out of the way, and despatched the groom with the horses to Dublin. Last night they arrived here, and this morning the Reverend gentleman called upon me, stated the case, and the necessity of getting rid of the whole at once, so as to eradicate all memorial of the thing root and branch. It is therefore a *sine qua non* that the lot be taken together: the horse is well worth three times the amount demanded for all."—"Aye, but the groom; what says he?"—"he wishes to go with his horses."—"That's a good trait: the lot is mine."

This is no license of the traveller, but literally true. The horse was the very best hunter I ever possessed—he won twice for me in this country; the hack I sold for a long price to a near connexion of Mr. Valentine Maher; and the groom, a right good stable-man, with no fault but a propensity for suction, lived with me a dozen years, and died in my service *in the act of drinking my health!* The day of this singular purchase I dined in company with some Dublin sporting men, to whom I related the morning's adventure. One of the party was the Surgeon-General,* Mr. Philip Crampton, so well known to all who have ever visited the Irish metropolis for his elegant hospitality and his love of the Chase. "If you have got as good a nag as you believe," said he to me, "to-morrow will just be the day for you: the Dubber hounds meet in a good country, with the sort of fencing to find out what a hunter is made of: suppose you give him the trial!"—"Done!" said I, and the following morning saw me whipping for a March hare with the Dubbers as aforesaid. We soon found, and went away at score. Anon there appeared, crossing our line, and extending on either hand as far as the eye could reach, as complete a "cut direct" as the most exclusive could desire: it was a canal, with the disadvantage of having the water level with its banks. I confess my courage, like Bob Acres's, was upon the sneak, when, looking over my left shoulder, there was Crampton upon "Spectacles."—"Now, then," he shouted, "there's your ordeal by water; hold him fast, and send him at it; you'll soon know whether he's a hunter or not." Nothing remained but to comply, shut my eyes, and trust to Providence. He cleared it like a four feet drain, and at the end of a burst of forty minutes our hair was run into. The finish was very select. When I expressed my surprise that so few were up, the reply was, "Don't you know we've been over the Lough in the Bay? there are not many men, or horses either, that fancy that by way of a lark." The trap had been well laid, and the result was a very satisfactory one for me—in the evening my chesnut was named "Ferryman." Very shortly afterwards I was applied to by Mr. D. junior for a restitution of his establishment, which I was bound to decline, out of consideration for the worthy Divine his father—and myself.

We positively lived in an atmosphere of junketing and jollity. Old and young, rich and poor, seemed to live but to one end—to make the most of time present. The landed interest got no rents; but dinners, routs, chess, and equipage was the order of the day in Merrion Square and Stephen's Green. Ready money and the shop-keeper had long been strangers; nevertheless, he drank his port and punch, while the piano accompanied his daughter's voice as she carolled forth

"They live like sorry fools their whole lives long
Who love not music and the voice of song."

The wildest fancy cannot imagine human wretchedness such as that which swarmed in every public spot, and actually besieged the doors of the shops in the public streets. But these living scare-crows were the merriest of all the merry: you could not tell one of them to get out of your way but he had a *bon mot* at your service; and if the jest were pointed at his own misery, with so much the greater *gout* he appeared to give utterance to it. "Oh, may the blessin' of the Holy Virgin attind your honor's beautiful honor night and day, I pray!" said an old beldam, a monstrous thing of shreds and patches, standing so that all hope of escape without a reply was cut off:—"more glory to you, and throw a halfpinny to an ould woman that's fasting from everything but sin this mornin'——"—"And whiskey," said I; for there was no mistaking *the air* to which her recitative was set. "Ah, thin, jewel," was her reply, "don't blame a poor ould crature for taking a drop iv comfort iv a could day; sure if it wasn't for the sup of something warm, like the cloak that's hanging about me shoulders, *I'd die of the stitches.*"

One scene from the *Beggar's Opera*, and I have done. The Pool of Bethesda must have been a spectacle of interest and gratification compared with that exhibited to the fashionables of Dublin during their shopping visits to Grafton Street antecedent to the existence of the Mendicity Society in that city. No country in the world shocks humanity with such sights of misery as at this hour the whole surface of Ireland abounds with; conceive what its masquerading in the metropolis must have produced, and you may imagine that which I cannot describe. Passing from a carriage to a shop without a propitiatory offering, was never attempted. A tenpenny or a fivepenny was first thrown from the window to a distance, and during the search and fight for it the entrance was effected. Moore's, in Grafton Street, was the Howell and James's of that day: there, soon after noon, the most unutterably vile and resolutely sturdy would congregate, for it was known as the best station "in the city." I was riding past this spot one afternoon, and seeing a battle-royal in full progress, naturally halted for the fun. A mob of beggars, to use the national expression, were "fighting through other," while a miserable dwarfish cripple was lying on his back in the kennel, where he was being cleaned out after a fashion that would have been a credit to any *riffi corps* of ancient Sparta. I inquired what the poor devil had done to earn such a mauling? and twenty voices were uplifted to detail his enormities. "Shure he's been robbin and destroyin us out of the face, and the divil's luck to him! a Monday last, didn't Mrs. Bryan trow a handful iv tinpinnies out of the carriage-windy, and bad cess to the crass we could find: and an hour agone wasn't it Madame Talbot's honor that gave us a half-a-crown's worth iv fippinny bits, and didn't that thief o' the world walk off wid every screed, and he without an arm to his carkis, barrin the murderin legs iv him!"—(This little fellow's *ruse* was worthy the genius of a Count Fathom: his habit was, about business-hours, to smear the soles of his "brogues" with pitch, and when the "skrimmage" began, he would contrive to run in and carry off quietly the prize the others were contending for.)—"By this good daylight, he's handier wid his onlooky tin toes than e'er a conjurer at Donnybrook fair wid both his daddles."

During the Vice-Royalty of Lord Whitworth, his step-son, the young Duke of Dorset, met with a fatal accident while hunting with a pack of harriers near the village of Kilkenny, some seven or eight miles from Dublin. I was upon the spot the day after the melancholy event, and probably the whole history of human casualty does not contain the record of a violent death occurring from such a cause in such a place. Whether he had blown his horse or not did not appear to be known, but in attempting to leap a slight stone fence not higher than his knees, the animal, a valuable and well-trained English hunter, fell, and the Duke received injuries of which he died in a miserable cabin close to where the catastrophe occurred before any medical assistance could reach him. I cannot, in alluding to an event which so sadly closed, almost as soon as begun, a life full of excellent promise, suffer this brief notice to pass without indignantly recalling the base efforts that were made to color with impiety and irreverence the last scene of that ill-starred youth's career. It was reported that his last words were, "I am off," and the *Maw-worms* straightway poured the foul vials of their unholy wrath upon the memory of him whom they described as dying "with the words of the scoffer in his mouth." How stood the real facts? Upon a wretched straw-covered pallet his latest couch was made, who from the cradle had been used to all the appliances of ease and luxury attendant upon station and fortune. Writhing in his agony, the crazy machine whereon he was stretched partially gave way beneath him, and he expired while conveying to those who were grouped around his apprehension in the words which I have quoted. And such is the spirit of party or of puritanism that for its purposes it would seek to affix a lying profanity even to the death-bed! Laud we Apollo that the pure fountain of *our* Hippocrene is polluted neither by politics nor polemics!

There is an anecdote in Lockhart's "Life of Scott" too good to need apology for its introduction in this place, embodying as it does the whole economy of cant, and almost cut out for an *apropos* illustration. During a visit to the Orkneys, in passing from one of their ports to another, the Poet took his Charon, a most orderly-looking navigator, to task for the dilapidated state of his sailing-gear. "Ah!" said the exemplary boatman—a babe of the true grace, a waterman of the real Jerusalem—"we should be thankful for all our mercies, and not repine that our neighbours have their lots cast in more favored places. God's will be done! (Here he elevated the pupils and exhibited only the whites of his eyes.) *But if it had pleased Him to avert the building of a lighthouse upon our island, I too might have had a new suit of sails last winter.*" I hope none who read this will imagine that it is any part of my design to treat with levity or disrespect things sacred, and entitled to our humble reverence. No; far from it indeed is the spirit with which I regard them, and with which I should venture to deal with their solemn truths. But it is with cant, and its hollow hypocritical Judases, that I proclaim war to the knife! Shew me the man of true virtue, excellent in principle and practice, and I will bow down before him, and do him homage; but so wholly in body and soul do I anathematize humbug, and delight in sincerity, that I cannot (while I of course condemn) withhold some sneaking affection from the poor devil of a monk, who surrendered himself to a temptation too strong for his virtue, exclaiming, "*Je me damne; mais que le Diable n'emporte si je puis faire autrment.*"

Amid scenes where pleasure was the centre around which society continually revolved in a whirl of enjoyment, and where man seemed, as it were, "singing for a wager with the lark," there occurred two episodes of passing horror, neither of which, I believe, had a publicity beyond the local journals of the day. By a singular coincidence the victim in both cases was an Englishman, a youth, and a soldier. I give them in their chronological order, for in pre-eminence of terror and awful interest I know not which is entitled to precedence.

A death had taken place in one of the regiments in garrison in Dublin, and the deceased, an Irish officer, was interred with military honors in the cathedral of Christchurch. The catacombs beneath this church are very extensive, and are

* The Surgeon-General is an Officer of the Irish Court to whom our Royal Establishment has none correspondent. When the Duke of Northumberland was Viceroy, the Surgeon-General was presented to the Duchess at her first Drawing-room. Her Grace had never heard of such martial distinction. "Pray," inquired the Vice-queen, "who is the Surgeon-General?"—"May it please your Excellency," replied the Ch— J—, who overheard the question, "*he is the General of the Lancers!*"

among the curiosities of the Irish metropolis. On the evening of the funeral a young subaltern was absent from mess; the morrow came, and he did not appear at parade; days passed, and no tidings of him: he was never seen again. Months elapsed, the regiment was still in Dublin, and all memory almost of the event was lost, when the occasion of another interment at the same place, the vaults were again opened and visited. The sight which met the eyes of those who entered was enough to freeze the blood of the stoutest. Upon the ground, near the door, there lay a human skeleton, the bones fleshless and white, as if it had been for centuries the tenant of that dreadful abode.* A few pieces of scarlet cloth, and here and there a button with the regimental device, told but too well to whom they had belonged; but the whole tale of horror was revealed by more terrible illustrations. Around were the mouldering remains of myriads of rats, and the sword, which lay still grasped in the skeleton-hand, was spitted with them up to the hilt! . . . . . The vaults belonging to Christchurch extend to the river, indeed I have heard under it, which accounts for the swarms of that horrid vermin by which they are known to be infested. The wretched young man, during the ceremony, was, no doubt, led by curiosity to explore them: he had not calculated the time which it would occupy: the doors were closed upon him, and he was left to the most appalling living sepulchre that the imagination of man can conceive!

The details of the second catastrophe are less strikingly dreadful; its issue was, however, more solemn and impressive, because no part of it was effected out of sight: all was witnessed by those who, through a merciful Providence, escaped being partners with the victim in torture and a terrible death.

It was in the summer of 1821, to the best of my recollection, that some Officers belonging to a regiment quartered in the Royal Barracks had assembled in one of their private rooms. The party to whom the room belonged—his name I cannot on the instant recal—had a favorite poodle, an animal of great beauty and sagacity, and a favorite with the whole corps. A few days preceding that of which I write, it had been bitten by a dog that had died mad, and itself had exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia. Still, being a pet, the usual course was not adopted, but it had been chained in an empty stable, upon the principle that while there is life there is hope. It was evening, and a joyous company were assembled, as I have described, when there was a sound as of some person seeking entrance, and the invitation "come in" was given: no one entered, and the words were repeated. At last some one opened the door: there was a clanking of chains, and the rabid dog, the slaver dropping from his jaws, and his eyes glaring with the paroxysm of fury, stood upon its threshold. For a moment all were paralysed; then a desperate effort was made to exclude the awful visitant: the result was to render the condition of all still more terrible, for, anticipating the movement, the animal had bounded forward, and now stood within the apartment with his back to the closed door. They paused, and looked upon each other as men in such an extremity may be supposed to do. But their tranquillity had no long existence: wild with fear, some leaped upon the table; others shouted aloud for help—these latter hastened if they did not actually produce the tragedy that followed. The outcry appeared to rouse the ecstacy of the dog's frenzy; with a yell he sprang upon his master, caught him by the throat, cast him to the ground as though he had been an infant, and tore the flesh away in mouthsfuls! None dared to move to the wretched man's assistance: they gazed upon the horrid butchery, which they ventured not to avert or stay. At length their cries were heard: some of the men hastened to the spot; the infuriated brute was despatched, and all that skill could accomplish was done for the unhappy sufferer. But from the first he was conscious that all human aid was vain, and made preparation for the event he felt was not far distant. He wrote his farewell to his relatives, settled his affairs, and surrendered himself to his fate, with one request, that, when the symptoms should become unequivocal, he should not be permitted to languish through protracted agonies. His wish was complied with, and as soon as confirmed hydrophobia had shewn itself, he was bled to death. I may be incorrect in some of the particulars, but the facts are as I have given them. I followed his remains to their last abode.

Enough of the dismal: let us "put about and try another tack."—Whatever advances tee-totalism may have made among them in latter years, the men of Erin, when I knew them first, were thirsty souls. The exclamation of Nat Sneyd, when he detected Wilberforce *in flagrante delicto* with the half-pint of port, would have been the natural inference of every man twenty years ago from the same country who had arrived at the uses of the corkscrew: none would have dreamt of such a vessel containing any accessory of the dinner-table save catsup or fish-sauce. They drank awfully in Dublin, while the motto for feasting in the provinces was the well-known Monkish couplet:

"Funde vinum, funde, tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec quæris unde, sed funde semper abunde!"

One characteristic sketch of a symposium *à l'Irlandaise*. I made one at a Sporting Dinner at Morrison's in Dawson Street, which to be candid, was *rather* a dissipated affair. Among the guests were a Peer and his brother, Milesians, "*Arcades ambo*," that is to say, capital fellows, but uncommonly given to the tipple. Over the wine began arguings, disputations, altercations, and presently quarrellings, in which latter the pair of fraternals were beyond all the rest especially vicious. Anon they came to fisty-cuffs, pitched into one another in the room, adjourned thence to the lobby for a regular fight, which ended in the Honorable knocking the Nobleman down a flight of stone-stairs into the hall, where he lay supine, and to all appearance "*examinis*." It is fit I state that the Peer was married, *but had no issue*. We ran down to offer aid to the fallen; when, upon attempting to set him on his legs, they refused their office, and there was every reason to conclude that he had yielded up the ghost. And how think ye silence was first broken under circumstances such as these? Lamentations for the accident, or consolation offered to the author of it? . . . . . The majority, pointing to the survivor of the fray, leaning their heads towards the dexter shoulder, elevated their left hands above the sinister, and directing the fore-finger at the neck, made a peculiar kind of "click" with the tongue, while one, more alive to etiquette than the rest, drew his attention to the fact, and its immediate effect, thus, "by Jasus you've kill'd him at last, *My Lord!*"

The Turf was at a low ebb in Ireland at the era to which this refers, nor do I believe it is in a much better condition now. I have often been in the Stand at the Curragh when it did not contain two dozen visitors, and that during an attractive meeting. Bellestown Races, the Dublin Epsom, used to be a very mediocre exhibition, and the provincial courses, at least such as I had an opportunity of seeing, were rather "types of glorious war" than the social assemblages on similar occasions common to this country.

Steeple-chasing, a sport which was then more popular with them than it was with us, was still marked by a lawless spirit, that in fact always prevailed where any number of persons were assembled, no matter with what object. Though a people proverbial for generosity of spirit, it is singular that nothing like a feeling of fair play was to be found either in their sports or combats. At their steeple-chases the victory was more commonly the effect of the superiority of "faction" than of horse or rider. Bodies of men would station themselves at the various leaps; for the popular candidate the wall was broken down, or the gap was made available to him only. Nor was this the worst feature in such affairs: personal violence was often resorted to where a defeat was to be ensured; and in one instance I was present when an unpopular gentleman-jockey, who was winning, had his thigh broken by a blow from a cudgel at the last leap, not two hundred yards from the winning-post. At the annual steeple-chase on the Plains of Boyle (Roscommon) in 1820, I witnessed a scene for which an Englishman could hardly be prepared. A gentleman of the name of Brown, who kept hounds in the neighborhood, was very popular, because he was a good sportsman, and a good Catholic. He had a nomination in the race to which I allude, a grey mare, and on the occasion it was settled she should be "the better horse," *arrive qui pourra*. A courser of more reputation, however, was engaged, and backed very freely at odds by his party—as readily taken by those in the secret. Just before starting, the office, by some means, was given that the only chance open to the favorite rested upon his being jockied by an orthodox disciple of the Pope! He was ridden consequently, and excellently handled, by a young unreformed, but the grey was triumphant nevertheless.

It was in returning from that event that I saw that done which Pat treats of as common as blackberries, but of which I never had but one experience during my acquaintance with "Ireland and the Irish!" A Mr. Lauder, a Leitrim man, joined me as I cantered over "the Plains." He rode a great coarse brute of a mare, about 16-2, with no more middle-piece than a greyhound, and legs as gouty as the fellow on Blair's labels. Our discourse ran upon steeds and things equestrian. We spoke of wall-jumping, and I stated my conviction that those passed off for five feet in the race we had just seen were scarce four feet six inches honest admeasurement. Moreover, I went on to throw disparagement upon the general report which attributed such excellence in leaping to the breed of Irish horses; in support of which I named having been at the fair of Ballinasloe (where hunters are to be had, if you believe all you hear, that jump over the moon), but that every effort when I was there to accomplish six feet of solid wall was an entire failure. "Then," inquired my nompanion, "you have never seen six feet done since you have been among us? Well, here goes, to give you a wrinkle." With about a dozen yards of run he put his great awkward-looking mare at a wall along which we had been riding. She cleared it "without laying a toe to it," in his own phrase, and, having dismounted, I found the top just level with the roof of my hat, which, on being subsequently measured, gave an altitude of six feet five inches, over which she carried him, in the fashion related, somewhat better than thirteen stone. This (of which I am ready to take my equestrian oath) I look upon as a great achievement under all its accompanying circumstances. Sir Edward Crofton's old horse, blind of an eye, led over seven feet "coped and dashed," an exploit quoted to illustrate what has been done by an Irish horse over stones and mortar, but that feat was certainly inferior to Mr. Lauder's performance.

And is it possible that it has come to this! and that I have already overrun the constable (that is, the Editor), and not a word of the coursings and shootings (such snipings and cockings!), fishings of Leviathan salmons, and pikes measured by the yard! Reader kind, we part, but not for a lengthened separation. There is much to tell, which I fain believe thou would'st hear.

All which shall be detailed in future song,
(Reserved with wise discretion for the present,)
Because this paper has become too long;
But could I, for the muse of me, put less in't? JUAN.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for March, 1838.

*This premature bleaching of the bones, it may be necessary to suggest, would be the effect of a death which literally was that of being devoured alive—a fleshless skeleton alone remaining, probably a few hours after the catastrophe occurred.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

In the early part of the month of January last, we derived a considerable degree of personal gratification while visiting a friend in Hampshire, who is unquestionably one of the best shots in that country. On our arrival, our friend C—— proposed a day's snipe shooting as the best method of keeping us alive; and as the weather was so uncommonly severe as to preclude the possibility of coursing, hunting, or steeple-chacing, we gladly accepted his proposition. Accordingly on the following morning we commenced shooting quite early on one of the finest trout streams we ever witnessed. The birds, though extremely wild, were indeed abundant, and the signal excellency of C——'s shooting became the general theme of conversation, for at the close of the day he had bagged more than all of us, though we numbered nearly half a dozen. In crossing a dyke, an incident occurred which had, however, well nigh proved fatal to him; he was the first to get over, and Mr. Sam Day, of Stockbridge, who rode Mango, the winner of the last Leger, was second, and the writer third. In crossing the dyke, the trigger of Mr. Day's gun, (which, by the bye, was not cocked) accidentally came in contact with a twig, and instantly went off, the contents being lodged in the ground within an inch of our friend C——. This incident, which might have proved fatal, did not, however, arrest our progress, for we pursued our shooting with redoubled ardour, and returned home, accompanied with the shades of evening, being highly delighted with our day's diversion. We have, therefore, chosen "Snipe Shooting" as an applicable subject for our second embellishment, and trust that many of our readers may realize as much pleasure in its pursuit as we have in reality experienced. As such, we shall present them with the observations of two of the most celebrated shots in England, from which something like useful hints may be obtained.

The most eminent of modern writers observe, that the pursuit of snipes is declined by many, who plead their inability to kill them, than which nothing may be easier acquired by a pretty good shot. Snipe shooting is like fly fishing: you should not fix a day for it, but when you have warm windy weather, saddle your horse and gallop to the stream with all possible despatch. Should there have been much rain, allow the wind to dry the rushes a little before you begin to beat the best ground, or the snipes may not lie well. Although these birds frequent wet places, yet the very spot on which they sit requires to be dry to their breasts, in in order to make them sit close; or, in other words, lie well.

If they spring from nearly under your feet, remain perfectly unconcerned till they have done twisting, and then bring up your gun and fire; but if you present it in haste, they so tease and flurry, that you become nervous, and, from a sort of panic, cannot bring the gun up to a proper aim. If, on the other hand, they rise at a moderate distance, down with them before they begin their evolutions. When they cross, be sure to fire well forward, and (if you possibly can) select, as I before said, a windy day for this amusement; as snipes then usually lie better, and on being sprung, hang against the wind, and become a good mark.

In springing snipes, always contrive to get to windward of them, by which you will be more likely to prevent their moving, and seldom fail to get a cross shot; in taking which a young sportsman is not so liable to be confused by their twisting.

To kill snipes, first go silently down wind to walk up the wilder ones; afterwards let go an old pointer up wind to find those which may have lain so close as to allow you to pass; and before you spring them, take care to make a circle and head your dog. Look always for snipes in places which are not frozen. I have always found, that the worst time to shoot snipes is in a white frost, as these birds then generally take to the uplands, or get into some rivulet in small whisps, or flocks, and spring up altogether, instead of being well dispersed, and thereby affording a number of shots, as they do in boisterous weather. But after a frost has brought the snipes into the country, you are pretty sure of good sport on the first open windy day that follows it. Stick to these birds when once you find them, as they may all disappear in one night.

With regard to cocking the gun after the bird rises:—I have so many times nearly had one of my dogs killed by young shooters letting the cock escape from the thumb before the scear had caught the tumbler (through eagerness to fire), that I have, by subsequent experience, found less danger in allowing them to cock their gun when the dog stands, making it my first object to see that their guns are always carried in a safe direction. No man can kill double shots brilliantly in December, if he takes down his gun to cock the second barrel; and as for danger, Mr. Joseph Manton's gravitating stops, which may be put to any gun, will preclude the possibility of an accident, even admitting that you are so unfit to be trusted with a double gun as to load one barrel without uncocking the other.

It is only when snipes lie well that you can allow them to finish their twistiug; the greater part of them require to be taken extremely quick, and the knack of doing this constitutes the crack snipe-shot, who will kill half a dozen of those birds where a slow poking marksman of the old school can only fire his gun a few times.

Again, snipes, like woodcocks, are migratory; but some few remain on the marshes, and in the neighborhood of fresh water springs during the summer months. Those that have not been summer sojourners in this country begin to make their appearance in October. In the inland counties they are, like woodcocks, first seen on the moors. They are most plentiful in the month of November, when they are to be found in the valleys and on the marshes. December is also a prime month. They will be found in January until the frost breaks up. Upon the breaking up of the frost in January or February, they will congregate in great numbers on the moors and downs, when they can seldom be approached by the shooter. The snipes that remain during summer rear their young on our marshes.

The season for snipe-shooting is not defined or limited by any legislative enactment; but it is unsportsmanlike to shoot snipes between February and the 12th of August.

The jack-snipe makes its appearance contemporaneously with the woodcock, except that it is not seen in March. It is so diminutive a bird as to be searcely worth the sportsman's notice. It may afford sport to the tyro, and the shooting at it will teach him how to hring down the large snipe, for its flight is nearly similar, but much slower.

The common or full snipe is a shy bird when in company, but when alone will allow the shooter to approach within a dozen paces of it before it springs. When it does spring, however, it moves with a velocity that defies the epithet *slow!* We find it best to shoot as soon as possible. The shooter will bring down a snipe with much less difficulty at from fifteen to twenty paces than at any other distance. The aim is thus taken just before the bird begins to make its cross flights, and before it has attained its full speed. The irregularity of its flight is of little consequence during the first and second twirling, before the bird is safely on the wing, since its flight is then comparatively tardy. But let the snipe fly ten yards from whence it sprang—let it be, for instance, twenty-five paces distant from the gun, it is then at the top of its speed, and in the very midst of its sidelong, eliptical gyrations, and more than a match for the majority of shooters, especially if the day be windy. A snipe killed at fifteen or twenty paces distance with No. 7 shot, the aim being true, will be struck by thirty or forty pellets, but the chances are more than twenty to one against the aim being true. The snipe, when struck, is generally three or four inches from the centre of the cone which the shot forms as it flies, which is very different from being in the exact centre. A section of the body of a snipe does not present a surface as large as that of a penny-piece. If any person will fire at a target at fifteen yards distance, he will find that a snipe would not be cut to pieces even at that distance, unless it chanced to be precisely in the centre of the charge as thrown. When speaking of a snipe presenting no larger a surface as a mark than a penny piece, we of course mean a snipe flying directly from the shooter. It would be imprudent to shoot at a snipe flying across at less than twenty paces distance, as it then presents more than double the surface of one going straight from the shooter. Thirty paces is the distance we should prefer for a cross or oblique shot. At thirty, or even at twenty-five yards, unless the barrel throws shot remarkably close, there are interstices in the charge as thrown in which a snipe would escape untouched. Provided the flight of a snipe were equally steady at all distances, and that in every instance the shooter could choose his own distance, a snipe would have the least chance for his life at twenty yards. But there are two points to be attended to in determining the proper distance: the flight of the bird—and the manner in which the shot is thrown. In snipe-shooting the latter is subservient to the former. The snipe occasionally found on heathery and rush-clad hills, as well as in the enclosed ground, is a comparatively solitary and scarce bird compared with the gregarious bird of the marsh. Hence those found on the uplands are easy, and those on the fens difficult of approach. It is, however, the same bird that is found in both situations.

To conclude, the setter should be used for snipe-shooting; and No. 6 shot is sufficiently large for the purpose. London Sportsman for March.

A New Loan.—"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day, to his pal, "these curs'd sheep von't move in this veather; lend us a bark of your dog, vill you?"

A certain person asking a merry Andrew, why he played the fool? For the same reason, said he, that you do, out of want—you do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money.

BEAR HUNTING IN CANADA.

BY COLONEL TALBOT.

A remarkable instance of this dangerous sort of hunting occurred in the London district in the winter of 1822. One of my father's settlers, of the name of Howay, discovered the tracks of three bears, on the morning of the 11th of December, and after following them for three miles, came to the tree in which they had taken up their quarters. Having his dog and gun and his axe with him, he began to cut down the tree, the trunk of which was at least sixteen feet in circumference. While thus engaged, he occasionally directed his eyes upwards, to see if his motions disturbed the bears in the place of their retreat. He became at length weary of acting as sentry to the prisoners, and had nearly forgotten this needful precaution, when, in the midst of his hewing, a large piece of bark struck him on the head. This aroused his attention, and on looking again he discovered, to his great consternation, one of the bears descending the tree in the usual manner, tail foremost. Apprehensive that he might be attacked by his black friend, who, he perceived was coming down with every appearance of hostility, he laid down his axe and took up his gun, resolved to discharge its contents into the body of Bruin. Upon reflecting, however, he desisted; for he was afraid that if he should only wound the animal, his own life would be the forfeit of his temerity. While he was thus deliberating his dog perceived the bear, then only a few feet from the ground, and by his barking alarmed the brute so much, that he ran up the tree with incredible swiftness. On arriving at the opening into the trunk, he turned himself about, and looking down, attentively surveyed the dog and his master. Howay now regretted that he had not called upon some of his neighbors to assist him; but being afraid that if he should then go for any one, the party would in the meantime effect their escape, he rallied his courage, and resuming his gun, lodged a ball in the bear's neck, which fortunately brought him lifeless to the ground. He now prudently determined to return home, and bring some of his neighbors to his aid. Leaving the bear at the foot of the tree, he departed, and in a short time returned with two men, three dogs and an additional axe. They soon succeeded in cutting down the tree, which, when falling, struck against another, and broke off about the middle of the identical spot where the bears lodged. Stunned and confounded, the affrighted animals ran so near to one of the men, that he actually put the muzzle of his gun close to its shoulder, and shot two balls through its body. The other escaped unhurt, and the dogs pursued the wounded one, until he compelled them to return, with their flesh badly lacerated.

By this time, the winter sun had ceased to shed his refulgent beams upon that portion of the globe, and the men deemed it imprudent to follow the tracks until the succeeding morning; but Howay, accompanied by a person named Nowlan, an American by birth, and, of course, well acquainted with the woods, followed the tracks, having previously provided themselves with a rifle, an axe, about six charges of powder and shot, and bread and meat sufficient for their dinners. This was early in the morning of Thursday, the 12th of December. About two o'clock in the afternoon, they were observed by some persons crossing the river, nearly seven miles from the place at which they set out. This was the only intelligence that was heard of them for thirteen days.

After they had been absent for some, their friends concluded that they must either have perished with hunger and cold, or have been destroyed by the wounded bear. I was strongly of opinion that they had been frozen to death, for the weather was excessively cold; they were very slightly clothed, had not a tinder-box, and were totally unprovided with any means of shielding themselves from the inclemency of the weather. I therefore assembled a large party of the settlers pertaining to the townships of London and Nassouri, and proposed that we should stock ourselves with provisions for a few days, and go in quest of the two unfortunate hunters. To this proposal they unanimously agreed, and we set off on the following morning, provided with a pocket-compass and a trumpet, a good supply of ammunition, and the necessary apparatus for lighting fires, taking with us some of the best dogs in the country. In the interval between their departure and ours, a partial thaw had taken place, which left not the slightest layer of snow upon the ground, except in low and swampy places. We had, therefore, no tracks for our direction, nor any idea of the course which Howay and Nowlan had taken, except what we had obtained from the persons who saw them crossing the Thames on the day of their departure. We had no very sanguine hopes of finding them, but continued for two days exploring acres of dense and interminable forests and desolate swamps, apparently untrodden by human foot, without the most distant prospect of success; and we returned, having given up all expectation of ever seeing them again, either living or dead. There was, however, one consolation afforded us in the midst of our anxiety; the objects of our search were men without families, they were strangers in Canada, and would be mourned by none but unrelated neighbors.

Thirteen days had now elapsed since the departure of these two adventurous settlers, and all hope of their return had completely vanished. On the morning of Christmas day, as I was in the act of sending messengers to some of Howay's intimate acquaintances, to request them to take an inventory of his property, I was informed that he and his companion had returned a few hours before—alive, but in a most wretched condition. When I had recovered in some measure from my surprise, I went to see them, for I felt anxious to hear from themselves an account of their extraordinary preservation. Never in my life did I behold such spectacles of woe, poverty, and distress; their emaciated countenances, wild and sunken eyes, withered limbs, and tattered garments, produced such an extraordinary effect upon my imagination, that I approached them with a degree of timidity for which I was unable to account. I sat down beside them, and for some time fancied that I was holding converse with the ghosts of departed spirits, nor could I banish entirely this idea from my mind during a conversation of several hours; their preservation appeared to me as signal an interposition of providence as any of which I had before heard. It appears that, on the day of their departure, they followed the bear in a north-westerly direction for twenty miles, and quite as far the next day, till they got quite bewildered by the different footsteps of these animals, and were unable to distinguish the one after which they were in pursuit; and what was worse, they had by the various turnings and windings through which the track had led them, lost all clue to their way home again, a thaw having commenced, which obliterated their footsteps. There they were, in a frightful forest in the depth of winter, without food, or the means of procuring any, and after the first few days, without fire, exposed to all the horrors of intense cold, and the cravings of hunger; and thus they wandered about destitute of hope or comfort, until the tenth day after their departure, when they fortunately discovered a log hut belonging to a settler, who had begun a manufactory of salt. At this place they received all the assistance and comfort the settlers had to bestow; they were now fifty miles from home, and one of them had his feet frozen, and could just hobble along: they had, however, the advantage of a guide to their own settlement, in the marks on the trees, made, as is commonly done, by those who had traversed the path before; and having refreshed themselves with such provisions as their new friends could procure them, they set off the next morning, and in two days had the inexpressible satisfaction of reaching and enjoying again their own fire-sides. So much for the pleasures of a Bear Hunt. London Sportsman for March, 1838.

THE TURF AND TURFITES.

Hail, Duchesses of Beaufort and Richmond, Countesses of Jersy, Lichfield, Chesterfield, and Wilton, Ladies Peel, Suffield, Byng, and Seymour! all hail! Who can behold you, without involuntarily exclaiming, How beautiful you are! and when so lovely and interesting, as watching with breathless and intense anxiety, the tremendous final struggle of your high-bred race-horses. There is so much simplicity, so much refinement and high chivalrous feeling developed by our noble matrons while enjoying the sports of the Turf, that, although it cannot fail being eminently exciting, is still a most innocent amusement.

I do most respectfully implore you, when your liege lords talk of "*giving up*," not to *consent*, but *advise* them to *reduce and retrench!* The Turf never required your fascinating aid so much as at present. We are threatened with a withdrawal of Lords Chesterfield and Suffield.

I will explain what has led to this result, which always appeared to me inevitable, otherways we not only lose the above, but it acts as a false beacon to alarm and terrify others:—

Lord Chesterfield has, or had no less that *twenty-five* brood mares, three or four stallions, eighteen or twenty foals, and as many yearlings, besides twenty or thirty horses in training; added to which, his Lordship was always buying. I appeal to any person experienced in these matters, whether his Lordship does not require the wealth of Crœsus or the luck of Fortunatus to "go on," and whether, with such an establishment, it could end in anything but defeat, disappointment, and disgust. I have no doubt the Scotts will pull a *long* face, but they will be consoled with part or whole of their *long* bill. I hear his Lordship intends to continue breeding; if such is the case, it will be highly beneficial to the country; for his Lordship's judgment, as to the make and shape of a horse, I know to be unrivalled, although I fancy he has yet something to learn as a *breeder*.

Lord Suffield's retirement does not in the least surprise me. His Lordship entered into the racing world with all the enthusiastic and generous ardor that was natural to his youth, rank, and station. His Lordship received so severe a check last year, with the *best* horse *in* the race, that the Derby was literally thrown away upon *weak* jockeyship. It is a mattet of astonishment his Lordship did not then retire. Report says his Lordship gives up in consequence of his acceptance of the *Quorn Hunt—where are the hounds?*—but I cannot help surmising that *Bamboo* and *Calisto* have been tried and found wanting, and have not a little confirmed his Lordshib's previous determination.

Sir John Cullier, the miser, used to return thanks that he had been born on the 29th of February, because then he only kept his birth-day every fourth year.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, used to say she loved men, not because they were men, but because they were not women.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1838.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Eagle Course, Trenton.—There will be no second Spring meeting at the Eagle Course this season. Mr. BROWN requests us to state that there will hereafter be but one Spring and one Fall meeting on the Eagle Course each year, and that the meetings will take place on the week following the Philadelphia races, and that the regular purses will hereafter be $1000 for four mile heats, $500 for three mile heats, $300 for two mile heats, and three or four smaller ones for mile heats, &c.

Col. HAMPTON's *Charlotte Russe*, own sister to *Trifle*, has, ere this, arrived at Col. JOHNSON's stable, in Virginia, from S. Carolina. Col. Johnson has won about $9000 in purses alone within the last five weeks at the North! The proprietors of the tracks had better give the Colonel the purses to come on himself, and leave his horses at home, for we have had no sport this Spring with our own horses, save with our 3 yr. olds. Next Spring, though, he may expect to see the kinks taken out of the necks of his invincibles.

Picton.—A gentleman who left Nashville two or three days before the match between *Picton* and *Sarah Bladen* was to have come off, informs us that P. was turned out in consequence of lameness. A letter from Nashville in another column, informs us that Col. WYNN has disposed of all his stock in Tennessee to Col. CAMP (of Huntsville, Ala. we presume) and Mr. ACKLEN.

Decatur vs. *Steel.*—The match between these two "cracks" for $25,000 aside, Four mile heats, is off! "Decatur pays forfeit to Steel, in consequence of his owner's inability to procure a trainer!" There is an *on dit* that Decatur and *Devil* (Post Poy's own brother, 4 yrs. old) will be trained hereafter by LAIRD (Mingo's trainer), in New Jersey. Good! Inasmuch as *Duane* and *Decatur* are to be retained at the North, winning Four mile purses here this Fall won't be quite so easy as falling off a log!

The best evidence of Northern strength in 2 and 3 yr. olds, is the fact that a chivalrous New Jersey turfman offered this week to match a Northern stable *vs.* a Southern stable, for $20,000! to run Mile heats in the Spring, and Two mile heats in the Fall.

There are five subscribers already to the Sweepstakes of $2000 each subscription, Four mile heats, for 4 yr. olds, to come off on the Union Course, L.I., next Spring.

A Sweepstakes, free for all ages, Four mile heats, $1000 each subscription, P.P. has been opened, to be run on Long Island next Spring. We look to see Boston or Charlotte Russe, Duane, Decatur, Dosoris, Langford, Steel, or Benbow, and one or two more in it.

Col. SELDEN's *Lady Cliffden*, having received an injury in one of her legs, has been turned out until Fall, when she will probably come out with *Mary Blunt*, *Fanny Wyatt*, and other good ones.

Col. WYNN's *Isabella*, the dam of Anvil, Picton, and others, has lately dropped a splendid colt to Imp. Priam, for which the Colonel has been offered $3000! "The invincible *Trifle*" has been sent to Priam who, three weeks since, had seventy-six mares, comprising some of the finest in the Union.

THOS. BARRY, Esq., of Gallatin, Tenn., has sold for BALIE PEYTON, Esq., of La., his half interest in ch. f. *Catherine Barry*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia (Birmingham's dam) by Topgallant, 4 yrs. old, to Col. T. WATSON, of Miss., for $1500.

Old *Stockholder* has recently been purchased by Capt. A. B. NEWSOM, of Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn., where he intends to stand him the next season.

The "*Brighton Trotting Association*" is the name of a highly respectable club, established some time since at Cincinnati, for the improvement of Road Horses, of which H. GATES, Esq., is Secretary. We see a trot advertised to come off on the 2d inst., and trust that the result, as well as of the other sport this Spring, may be communicated to our columns by the Secretary.

Levinia Rudd vs. *Ann Barrow.*—Our readers may recollect that a short time since some pretty sharp sparring took place between the owners of these two "cracks," of East Tennessee. It seems that they have made a match of it, for $1000 a-side, to come off on the next 4th of July. The banter on the part of Levinia Rudd, was addressed by Col. JAMES SCRUGGS to Col. JOHN MCGHEE, who accepted, on the part of Ann Barrow. Mr. MAYSE, the proprietor of the course, gives notice through the Knoxville Register of the above facts, and adds:—"The members of the Club, as well as the citizens generally, are invited, as the day will be celebrated by the delivery of an oration, dinner, toasts, &c., immediately after the race."

New Jockey Club.—An Association, composed of gentlemen of the highest character, has recently been formed at Raleigh, N. C., having for its object the improvement of the breed of horses, and the well-being of the turf. A new track is to be laid out immediately, voluntary subscriptions to the amount of $3000 having already been offered. To North Carolina belongs the honor of having bred some of the finest horses that ever conferred reputation on the American Turf, and we are glad to see reviving, in the capital of the State, a spirit so fraught with interest and importance to the breeder and the turfman.

Hammond Wide Awake!—We hear from Augusta that HAMMOND is "getting the long train on" for a hard scuffle next Fall. He has a-going an ugly set of customers, including John Guedron, Gerow, Target, Bunkum, Woodpecker Junior, and others.

Mr. JOHN J. JEWELL, formerly of Long Island, has become the Secretary of a new Jockey Club established at Livingston, Sumpter Co., Ala. The Club have given the name of "*Picton*" to their track, and "the Picton Course" is said to be one of the finest in the State. The Spring meeting commenced on the 22d ult.

Mr. O. P. HARE, of Petersburg, has turned out his whole stable, as has also Mr. J. M. BOTTS, of Richmond, Mr. JOHN C. STEVENS, of this city, and several other turfmen. *Dosoris*, in the latter gentleman's stable, will probably not be started again until next Spring.

A row-boat match, for $500 a-side, half forfeit, has been made between the *Edwin Forrest* and the *Lafitte* Boat Clubs, to come off on Wednesday next at one o'clock, P. M., opposite the Elysian Fields, Hoboken.

Buffalo (N. Y.) *Races.*—On the 30th ult. a meeting of three days commenced over the Cold Spring Course, near Buffalo, and a report has reached us through the "Daily Buffalonian." It should appear, but that the editors of the diurnal aforesaid have promiscuously omitted to furnish any particulars whatever of the pedigree, age, or weight of a single horse. If any one will send a proper report, it shall have a place forthwith.

The *New Louisville Jockey Club.*—We learn that at a meeting of the Club, held, pursuant to notice, at the Galt House, on Saturday, the 18th May, 1838, Dr. JAS. C. JOHNSON was called to the chair, and Col. A. TARLTON appointed Secretary *pro tem.* It was resolved that this Association be called "The Louisville Jockey Club." Mr. ROBERT L. WARD was unanimously elected President, and Mr. A Throckmorton, Esq., Dr. Jas. C. Johnson, H. B. Hill, Esq., and Col. Jas. Robertson, Vice Presidents; John G. Graham, Esq., Secretary, and Y. N. Oliver, Esq., Treasurer; James S. Irwin, Chas. Riddle, Geo. G. Presbury, Col. A Tarlton, Mason Thompson, S. Hackell, and G. N. Patterson, Esqrs., Stewards. *Resolved*, That the President and Vice Presidents appoint a committee of five gentlemen to wait upon the Ladies. On motion, it was *Resolved*, That this meeting adjourn, to meet at the Galt House on Saturday evening, the 2d of June, at 8 o'clock, P. M. (Signed) A. TARLTON, Secretary *pro tem.*

The "*Quarter Race in Kentucky*," on the opposite page, is, without exception, one of the best, if not the very best, article of the kind we ever read. It was written for and appeared in this paper near two years since (July 9th, 1836), and is re-published now by general desire. It will be new to very many of our readers, while those who have read it will be glad to see it again. The author of it we discovered accidentally while in New Orleans last winter, though we were not so fortunate as to meet him: if A. D. H., or H. K., or J. J., or Pete Whetstone, or G. W. P., will only assist us by putting us in the way of receiving from his pen an occasional article, there's no telling what we wont do for them. Would either of them like a superb English bridle, with a "snaffle" bit—or a Newmarket saddle, or a "Victoria bonnet," or any other "little fixin'!"

TO OUR SOUTHERN AND WESTERN FRIENDS.—As this is the season when many of our readers, in remote parts of the Union, take leave for a while of "the sweet South," to visit us "Northmen," perhaps we cannot do them a more acceptable service than to commend to their notice the means of enjoyment which are to be found at that princely establishment, THE ASTOR HOUSE.

To very many this house is already well known, but there are others who may have yet to learn how much at home they can be made beneath its roof. To such we would avoid saying anything like a premeditated puff of this Hotel, but we do desire to inform our friends of the great facilities possessed by the Astor to render *all* its inmates comfortable and happy, whether they wish to limit their indulgences to the gratification of a quiet disposition and a simple taste, or are inclined to partake in all the luxuries which the wit of man can devise.

Those who prefer an unostentatious, but bounteous style of living, will find their taste consulted in the sterling excellence of "the ladies and gentleman's ordinaries," which, so far as our experience goes, excel in every essential particular those of any house we have ever been in. The studied neatness of the table furniture—the hot and smoking meats—the variety of vegetables—the delicate carving (for at the Astor the landlords carve)—the cooled and choice wines—the prompt attention of servants, and the profusion of every thing choice or rare, render these tables all that any gentleman could desire in the dining room of his own house. Then there are the beautiful "Public Parlors," and the well ordered and well ventilated sleeping apartments. For such accommodations the charge is $2,50 per day, or $15 per week at either ordinary.

For individuals inclined to a more sumptuous style of living, and for families and parties desiring private rooms and a separate table, there has been made the most ample provision. "Private Parlours" with servants especially assigned—with separate bills of fare and separate cooks, give to this department the utmost completeness. The occupants have but to consult their own taste in every thing that can contribute to their enjoyment, and not the least important feature is the fact that the expense is much within their own control. The hour for their meals—the choice of every delicacy in the market—the arrangement and number of dishes, and indeed every thing that inclination can prompt a desire for, will be found completely at their command, and the excellence of the whole is vastly enhanced by the cheerful readiness with which every order is fulfilled, for the motto of the Astor is "You shall have it, and with pleasure."

In conclusion we will mention a few items in the arrangement of this Hotel. There are 300 beds—some two or three dozen public and private parlors—130 servants—a whole army of cooks under the immediate charge of Mr. MUDGE, the most capable and most tasteful caterer that ever pre-arranged a dinner.

Besides, who has not seen or heard of "George,"—we mean that kind and courteous receiver of company,—the indefatigable "executive" of the house—the ever ready—ever polite George WATRISS. At the bar, too, will be found no "lean apothecary," though a "culler of simples," retailing his "rum salads" his "cobblers," and his Joe Miller's with equal gusto, and when in his "trig toggery of a Summer's day," answers to the name of FOSTER. Superintending the whole are the Argus eyes of three experienced landlords, to name whom we deem sufficient evidence of their perfect fitness for duties so responsible—the Messrs. BOYDEN, COLEMAN & STETSON.

In thus directing to the Astor House the attention of our far off friends, we have been influenced by the desire of contributing in some measure to their substantial comfort while sojourning in New York, as well as of making amends for our omission to do earlier and better justice to this extensive and unrivalled establishment under its present excellent management.

NEW YORK RACES, SECOND SPRING MEETING.

BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN, N. J.

The Second Spring meeting commenced over this beautiful course on Wednesday last. The weather, as Lord Allcash says in the opera, was "shocking, positively shocking!" It rained in torrents from morning till night, and then poured from night until morning again. In consequence, the Two mile race was postponed until Friday. The Sweepstakes were run for, of course, as they cannot be put off under any circumstances. The three nominations came to the post at 2 o'clock, Gil. Patrick across Maj. JONES' *Gracchus*, John Hartman on ABBOTTS' *Shepherdess*, and "Tom, Dick or the Devil," on Mr. BOTTS' *Margaret Ridgeley*. Shepherdess cut out the work, and made the running in both heats, but the Sir Lovel colt won easily, his immense size and strength, and Gil's persuaders, bringing him through the mud like a locomotive. Here is the record:—

WEDNESDAY, June 6, 1838—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; 3 year olds 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 121—aged 126lbs.—m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, P.P. and $100 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats.

Maj. William Jones' b. c. *Gracchus*, by Sir Lovel, out of Eleanor by Eclipse, 4 yrs. ... *Gilbert Patrick.*	1	1
Daniel Abbott's b. m *Shepherdess*, by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, 6 yrs. ...	2	2
A. L. Botts' ch. f. *Margaret Ridgeley*, by Eclipse, out of Phillis by Sir Archy, 4 yrs.	dist.	

Time, 4:07—4:20. Run during a very heavy shower.

SECOND DAY.

The track to-day was neither fish nor flesh—"a streak of *dust* and a streak of *mud*," comes nearest to it. The Purse of $500, Three mile heats, brought out Col. JOHNSON's *Atalanta*, Mr. ROBERT L. STEVENS' *Tom Moore*, and Capt. STOCKTON's *Bergen*. Mr. MCCOUN's *John R.* was entered, but fell amiss in his near fore foot this morning, and was drawn. Had the track been 50 per cent. worse, we should have had a sporting race; Atalanta cannot run in deep mud, and Bergen would have come into the market, as well as John R., who would have been 2d favorite under any circumstances. An exceedingly strong North wind all the morning dried up the track so much, that on the backside it was quite hard, thereby enabling Atalanta, who was in superb condition, to run over the party with ease. She was backed at 4 to 1 when the entries were stripped, the current price having been 2 to 1 before John R.'s withdrawal was announced.

The Race—was no race at all. Gil. Patrick, on Atalanta, led off, Tom Moore making the running with her at a very moderate pace, to the middle of the 3d mile. Tom came 1st to the stand at the close of the 2d mille, but Atalanta was going sweetly in hand, and half a dozen persons offered 100 to 10 on her. Tom soon after gave back, and at the finish was "no where." Bergen took it up when Tom declined, but could not reach Atalanta, who won handily.

The second heat was better contested; John Hartman on Bergen, led off at a fair rate, but Atalanta headed him without an effort on the 2d mile, and won by two or three lengths. Record:—

THURSDAY, June 7—Purse $500; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Capt. D. H. Branch's) b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, out of Nancy Norwood by Rattler, 6 yrs. ... *Gilbert Patrick.*	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. h. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace by Sir Archy, 5 yrs. ...	2	2
Robt L. Stevens' ch. h. *Tom Moore*, by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar, aged. ...	dist.	

Time, 6:09—6:07. Track very heavy.

It was announced from the stand to-day, that *Boston* and *Duane* were entered for the Four mile, and *Suffolk* and *Rienzi* for the Two mile, purses on Friday, and also that there would be a race Mile heats. The announcement was received with evident pleasure. The reputation of the two four milers not only ensured good sport, but a general attendance, and as the weather this Spring has proved signally unpropitious for the proprietors, a circumstance so likely to be productive of profit to them was hailed with peculiar satisfaction.

The general impression with regard to the result of the four mile race may be gathered from the fact that on Wednesday evening an offer was made of $5000 to $3500 on Boston *vs.* Duane and accepted. It should be stated here, however, that Boston is regarded as "a mud horse;" the heavier the track, the better for him, was the ground upon which many offers were made. After the entries were declared on Thursday, the odds were about 3 to 2; many bets were made on *time*; 7:48 was backed, even, and 2 to 1 was offered against 7:46, and accepted, and in one instance 7:45.

We visited Mr. MCCARGO's stable on Thursday, and saw there *Duane* and *Charles Carter*. The latter has been roughing it since his race on Friday week last. The inflammation and swelling in his "game leg" had nearly subsided; he probably will not stand another training, though were he but 4 yrs. old instead of 5, we should have great hopes of him. He is a handsomer horse than he struck us to be, when we saw him last week, and will make a splendid and most valuable stallion. He is for sale, we hear, and will be sold at a bargain.

In an adjoining stall stood *Duane*,—a most remarkable horse, that in eighteen months has won eight races out of nine, beating very strong and select fields. He presents such a striking picture of the engravings of *Mango*, the winner of the St. Leger for 1837, that a description of one might answer for both; their color, height, age, and best points are the same. Duane was the first colt ever bred by his owner, Maj. NATHANIEL T. GREEN, of Mecklenburg Co., Va. where he was foaled on the 28th March, 1834. A singular circumstance has been related to us concerning his breeding. His owner rode his dam, *Goodloe Washington*, when three years old, across the Roanoke to his neighbor's, Capt. JOHN C. GOODE, intending to have her trained in his stable. Imported Hedgford was at this time standing at Capt. Goode's, and the latter's trainer being absent, Capt. G. proposed to Major Green to put his filly to Hedgeford. To this Maj. G. finally consented, and *Duane* was the produce—a colt, for which $10,000 has been refused! Goodloe Washington is now with Priam, and one of the finest brood mares in his harem. Since Duane, she has brought an own sister to him, now 3 yrs. old—a colt by Imp. Whale, now 2 yrs.—and has a filly foal at foot by Imp. Sarpedon, having missed the previous year to Imp. Claret. Duane is what most persons call a brown horse, though, to speak more properly, his color is a very dark bay—there is no white about him. He is fifteen hands 2½ inches high, and of a form which indicates great strength. His head is straight and lean, his nostrils expansive, and his eyes bold and prominent; his ears are set on very wide apart, and you detect him as a vicious devil at the first glance of his eye. His neck is light, coming well out from particularly fine shoulders, which are thin, but oblique and broad to a degree, with moderately high withers. Through the brisket few horses of his measurement can match him in depth, and the sternum or fore part of his chest projects further, by an inch, beyond his fore-arm, than Mingo's or Bascombe's. His arms are long and strong, the elbows being comparatively short, with good legs and feet, and we have rarely seen such muscular developments as are exhibited on the inner side of his arms and thighs; they forcibly remind one of Imported Glencoe. His barrel is of moderate length, and strongly ribbed out, though not rounded; his backbone is prominent, and very large and strong, the loins being considerably arched. His tail is in itself, and the setting on much in the style of Rodolph's; his hips are very wide, the quarters long and drooping, with houghs and thighs large and strong as those of old Eclipse himself, whom he resembles in many of his best points. For a horse with so large a share of bone he is good-looking, though not handsome; there is little of that finish about him which we see in Monarch or in Priam, his sire, nor is there about Eclipse. There did not appear to be an ounce of superfluous flesh on him, and a gamer nag to the eye, we have not seen for months. His action is easy, and he gathers to a charm; his stroke is about twenty-one feet. He is a strong winded, hard-bottomed horse, that runs on his courage, and pulls hard.

THIRD DAY.

Nearly fifteen thousand persons were in attendance to-day to witness what proved one of the gamest and most interesting four mile races ever run in this country. The proprietors had spared no pains in scraping and rolling the track, but it was still very heavy; the surface was dry, but there was no elasticity in it. Early in the morning the odds were 2 to 1 on *Boston*, but after the horses were stripped such odds were not to be had. A fine band of music was upon the Club Stand, which was crowded, as well as all the others.

The ball was opened at 1 o'clock with an apology for a Two mile race. The entries were *Suffolk* and *Rienzi*; 100 to 15 on Suffolk went a-begging. He won without an effort in 3:54½—4:05½, Rienzi running restive from the start.

At 2 o'clock *Boston* and *Duane* came to the post. Both were in superb condition, and perhaps never looked better; 100 to 60 was now the largest odds offered. Boston had Cornelius up, and Duane, Stephen, Charles Carter's rider last week. Duane drew the track, and now they are off!

The Race.—Duane led off with a moderate stroke under a hard pull, and maintained the lead by a length to the 1st turn of the 3d mile, Boston waiting upon him in hand. Here Boston for the first tied time "tried it on" by running up to Duane's girth; finding that outfooting him was not what it had been cracked up to be, Boston was again taken in hand, though the trial of speed was thought so conclusive, that 2 to 1 was currently offered on him. Duane came first to the stand, at the end of the 3d mile, but on the turn was again challenged in earnest, Boston making a run at this place on every mile, the rising ground being peculiarly favorable to him. At this turn on the 4th mile a tremendous struggle ensued, though both were out, and doing their best all the way down the straight side. Boston on the backside again run up to Duane's girth, and they continued lapped to the 3d quarter, where Boston declined, and Duane headed him by three clear lengths. Boston made another effort on the last quarter, but could not reach him, and Duane won the heat cleverly by a length in the clear, in 7:52.

Neither seemed much distressed, though the heat was a most trying one, when the dead and heavy state of the track is considered. The betters on *time*, of course, were floored, and many now sought to make up their losses by getting on their money at 3 and 4 to 1 on Duane, who cooled out rather better than Boston.

Second heat.—Duane led off, but was collared at the first turn, and when they got into straight work on the backside, they were neck and neck. They kept up the murderous rate round the semi-circle to the stand, carrying on the running as they passed it at the same killing stroke. On the turn of the 2d mile Boston began to draw out in front, and at the quarter mile post was clear. In ten rods, however, Duane charged him most gallantly and locked him, and once more they dashed past the stand neck and neck. Boston drew out on the rising ground at the turn as usual, on entering the 3d mile, but Duane ran up to his throatlatch down the back side; on the 3d quarter Duane's rider was all abroad, and Boston made a gap of a length, Stephen giving Duane no support, and reeling in his seat as they passed the stand. Boston maintained his lead round the turn to the backside, but the instant they came into straight work, Duane went up with a rush, that sent him clear ahead. (Tremendous cheering.) Boston sulked for an instant, and then, like a nonpareil as he is, made a dash and regained his place in front. (Three cheers more.) Again the stout-hearted colt made a brush, and a second time he was ahead, (A louder cheer yet); but in four tremendous leaps Boston was again in front (Three cheers and one more for Boston), the whole passing and re-passing being done on the straight run of a quarter of a mile on the backside, in less time than we have consumed in noting it. At the 3d quarter mile post Boston was a-head and clear, but before they reached the straight side in front he had changed places with the Virginia phenomenon, who led round the last turn by near three lengths, Stephen sitting on him motionless, without bracing him in the least. Cornelius took a good strong pull on Boston to within 300 yards of home, when he made play—both let out the last link—now they are neck and neck—now Boston gets his nose in front, and now Duane—whips are at work, and the spurs are drove in up to the rowel-heads—"Go it, Boston!"—"Hurrah for Duane!"—"Boston's got him!"—"No, Duane!" Ten thousand people shout like devils—a cold shiver—a suspension of breath ensues for an instant, and the heat is over. *Boston wins by the length of his nose!*

As soon as the horses were taken up and brought back to the Judges' Stand, *Duane's rider fainted* from exhaustion! The hot sun and strong pull during the whole first heat had so worn him out, that after the first two miles of the 2d heat were run, he was utterly powerless, and unable to give his horse any support at all! Duane runs on his courage, and requires a strong steady pull to brace him

and keep his head up. Had Stephen been able to take a pull on him on the last quarter of the last mile, when he was three lengths ahead—precisely such a respite as Cornelius gave Boston—he would have won the heat, to a certainty.

We have rarely witnessed so much excitement about a race; at the least advantage gained by either horse, the cheering was tremendous, and the odds veered to the right about. The betting was general and heavy. The impression was universal, that but for his rider, Duane must have won the 2d heat. ARTHUR TAYLOR chewed his tobacco a mighty deal finer than ever, and even "the Napoleon of the Turf" seemed to anticipate a Waterloo defeat. Both horses were a good deal distressed, Duane recovering best. Mr. MCCARGO, however, thought his chance was out, as he had not been "bottled up" or restrained in the least. Betting men, however, still fought very shy, and no one hedged a dollar. When it was known that John Hartman was to ride Duane for the 3d heat, 100 to 75 was offered against him, as John was obliged to carry between four and five pounds weight extra. At length the noble animals came to the post, for the

Third heat.—Two or three false starts occurred, Boston expressing a most decided and natural unwillingness to repeat a four mile heat three times, over a heavy track. They finally got off, Duane leading by three lengths. He might easily have made a gap on the 1st quarter, of half a dozen lengths, had John pressed him, but he pulled back to Boston. It was not until they came to the 3d quarter mile post, that Boston lapped him, but Duane came first to the stand. On the back side Boston passed, and led by three lengths to the 4th quarter, when Duane crept up close. After a brush down the entire straight side, Duane came in front just below the stand, but Boston, in five or six strokes, regained the lead. They kept up their run to the stand, when Duane was up to Boston's girths; the latter made a slight gap in going round the turn, Cornelius hugging the fence so close as to tear his linen pants, and John here took Duane in hand for a brush on the third quarter, where he collared Boston, and they swung round into the straight stretch neck and neck. The struggle up to the stand was tremendous, but the extra weight on Duane told in a third heat, and Boston won by about half a length, after one of the best contested and most interesting Four mile race we ever witnessed.

Boston acquires more reputation by this race, than by running a heat in 7:40, having demonstrated that his foot is only equalled by his bottom; considering the state of the track, the time was extraordinary. We give that of each mile, taken from the report of the official timer, Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS.

	FIRST HEAT.	SECOND HEAT.	THIRD HEAT.
Time of First mile	2:02	1:53½	2:14½
" " Second mile	2:03	1:52½	2:01½
" " Third mile	1:55	1:59	2:01
" " Fourth mile	1:52	2:09	2:13
Time of First heat	7:52	Time of 2d heat... 7:54	Time of 3d heat... 8:30

After the 1st heat was over, Maj. GREEN sold *Duane* to Mr. Wm. N FRIEND, the proprietor of the Camden Course, near Philadelphia, for $12,000. We are heartily glad to learn that he will remain at the North.

A Mile race succeeded, but comparatively few remained to see it. Col. JOHNSON's entry, *Jane Rowlett*, won handily, making the third race the gallant Colonel won to-day, and bringing "in town" a gentleman who bet 25 to 100 about twenty times over that Col. J. won all three races. Here is the record of the day's sport:—

FRIDAY, June 8—Purse $300, free for all ages, weights as before, Two mile heats.

Col. W. R. Johnson's (Asher P. Hamlin's) b. c. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, the dam of Decatur, Tarquin, etc, 4 yrs	Gil. Patrick.	1	1
Willett McCoun's (Henry Fenner's) b. h. *Rienzi*, by Paul Clifford, out of Kate Kearney by Henry, 5 yrs		2	2

Time, 3:54¼—4:05½. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $1000, free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Col. Wm R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 5 yrs	Cornelius.	2	1
Wm. McCargo's (Maj. N. T. Green's) b. c. *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, 4 yrs		1	2

Time, 7:52—7:54—8:30. Track heavy.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Purse $100; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Arthur Taylor's) b. f. *Jane Rowlett*, by Nullifier, out of Jemima (Job's dam) by Rattler, 4 yrs	Gil. Patrick.	3	1
Willett McCoun's ch. c. *Jack Andrew*, by Andrew, dam by Pacolet, 4 yrs		1	3
Daniel Abbott's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, pedigree above, 6 yrs		2	2

Time, 1:50½—1:54—1.55. Track heavy.

We have just received *half a letter* from our Nashville correspondent "*Snaffle*"—that is, we have got the postscript of a letter, without date or signature, the *letter* being accidentally omitted. If the letter had been written by a lady, now, we should feel satisfied that having the postscript, we had got the cream of the intelligence it contained; but being from a gentleman, we are not quite so sanguine on this point, as most of the sterner sex entertain the vulgar prejudice that the letter itself is expected to be worth reading. It is postmarked

NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) May 27, 1838.

P.S. I forgot to mention that I pocketed enough on the Match Race to buy the *choses*, but the betting was not near so *savagerous* as if Picton had started. A large portion of the bets having been made between Picton and Sarah Bladen, and not on the match, were of course off. However, a considerable amount was put in circulation on the field, and tall sums had been staked on the event through all the South; one gentleman in Louisiana is said to have stood $11,000 on it.

The three Leviathans that were named in this match have a further contest on hand, to come off in the fall, with Mr. Thomas Barry, who names three Cocks of the Rock.

The signal success of the Leviathans throughout the week, proved that they were the genuine amphibious breed to get through the mud; the track being all the time, as was classically expressed on the Virginia Sheriff's return of the writ, *in swampo*.

Col. WYNN has disposed of all his racing stock to Col. CAMP and Mr. ACKLEN, two spirited gentlemen who will prosecute the sport with vigor, and will prove a splendid accession to the Western Turf.

"*M. of Florida*," who sent us a sporting communication last September headed "Deer Hunting in Florida," was replied to by a Louisiana correspondent styling himself "*Lewis of L.*" The latter hit the former rather hard about a story told by the Florida man of a friend of his who shot a noble buck with a pistol at forty yards. To this a rejoinder has been received from him of Florida, which is rather savagerous, otherwise we would give it a place: it would be a pity that two such clever writers should become estranged by the "quips and quirks" of each other, or that they should be "awed from the career of their humor by these paper pellets of the brain." Let them keep cool "like I do," when beset by an array of bores, borrowers, blockheads, and "such small deer," and allay their belligerent propensities by more frequently communicating to "the Spirit." "M. of Florida" adds a postscript to his letter to the following effect:—

"If you will promise to 'collar' that awfully savage man, 'Lewis of L,' I would willingly give you an 'inkling' about our racing in Florida, and what 'good things' we are to have at the next Fall meeting of the Tallahassee Jockey Club, also about our deer and bear hunting, about our fishing, how a certain friend of mine took a trout weighing 11 lbs. and that they are frequently taken here of 8 and 9 lbs. But for fear of offending Lewis, I forbear, or some odd time I may play Indian, and creep upon him in the dark, and not startle him with a warwhoop, but with—oh nothing."

Twenty-five Cents-worth of Information.—"Glencoe in My Opinion is the champion of the World! You speak of——'s Breeding Stud in the last number of the Spirit of the Times but it is Nothing in comparison with Mr. ——'s!"—"I cannot forbare Mentioning That I had a Glencoe Filly Droped on the 7th Inst., out of My Favorite Archie Mare *Rosabella*. The Young Thing is of Superior Form, to any that has bane Droped in the South—and Bids Fare to acquire Imperishable Fame If it Should Live." The interesting intelligence conveyed in the "sporting epistle" above, is contained in a letter dated Lauderdale Cty, Ala., May 19th 1838. No wonder the writer felt some delicacy in signing his name to it; he prudently omitted that same.

The *Editor of the New York Spirit of the Times* says that he wants two or three pair of first rate carriage horses! Only think of that, Master Brooke, an *editor* advertising for carriage horses! Boston Morning Post.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced over the *Tree Hill Course* on the 24th April, and we are indebted to the Secretary for the report subjoined:—

TUESDAY, April 24 1838.—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs. fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wm. L. White's ch. c. *Jack Pendleton*, by Goliah, out of Philip's dam, by Trafalgar	1	1
Capt. John S. Corbin's b. c. by Imp. Luzborough, out of the dam of Buccaneer	3	2
John M. Botts' b. f. *Own Sister to Tobacconist*	4	3
W. D. Tally's b. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Charles	2	4
E. B. Hicks' b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Arab	5	5
Wm. Eaton's br. c. by Andrew, dam by Sir Archy	pd.ft	
Col. Wm. Wynn's ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Fanny Wyatt's dam	pd.ft	

Time, 1:55—1:54½.

Col. WHITE's ch. c. Jack Pendleton, winner of the above stakes, won a stake last week, over the Taylorsville Course, value $1000.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweep-takes for 3 year old colts and fillies, out of untried mares. Weights as above. Ten subs. at $150 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Edmund Townes' ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke	2	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. by Sarpedon, dam by Timoleon	5	2	2
Col. Wm. L. White's ch. f. *Sally Harris*, by Goliah, dam by Tariff	3	3	3
Wm. D. Tally's ch f. by Timoleon, dam by Virginian	4	5	4
Isaac H. Oliver's b. c. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian	6	6	dis
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. c. by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy	1	4	dr
John M. Botts' gr. f. by Gohanna, dam by Medley	7	dr	
Carter H. Edloe, John S. Corbin, and Williamson & Settle	pd.ft.		

Time, 1:54½—1:54½—2:00½.

WEDNESDAY, April 25—Proprietor's Purse $250, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; 3lbs. allowed mares and geldings. Two mile heats.

Wm. McCargo's (Maj. N. T. Green's) br. c. *Duane*, by Imp. Hedgeford, dam by Washington, 4 yrs	1	1	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. by Eclipse, dam omitted, 4 yrs	2	2	
Capt. John S. Corbin's ch. c. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 4 yrs	5	3	
John M. Botts' b. m. *Molly Cottontail*, by Gohanna, dam omitted, 6 yrs	4	4	
Henry Maclin's ch. c. *Engine*, by Sir Charles, " " 4 yrs	3	5	
E. J. Wilson's b. c. *Sligo*, by Timoleon, " " 4 yrs	6	6	

Time, 3:54—3:57.

THURSDAY, April 26—Jockey Club Purse $500; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

John Early's (Gen. Harvey's) br. h. *John Lindsay*, by Timoleon, dam omitted, 6 yrs	1	1	
Ed. J. Wilson's s. h. *Mediator*, by Sir Charles, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs	2	2	
Thos. Taliaferro's b. h. *Orphan Boy*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 6 yrs	3	3	
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's s. c. by Lance, dam omitted, 4 yrs	4	dis	

Time, 5:56—5:54.

Orphan Boy broke down in the second heat. SECRETARY.

NASHVILLE (Tenn.) SPRING RACES.

In the last number of this paper appeared the first two days' races, with the list of the Officers of the Club. A subsequent Mail has brought a report of the other days of the meeting from one of our special correspondents:—

THURSDAY, May 24, 1838—Purse $300, ent. 10 per cent.; free for all ages; 3 year olds taking up 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

John Malone's ch. f. *Catherine Barry*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Black Sophia, the dam of Birmingham, 4 yrs	1	1	1
S. W. Goodwin's (Col. Thompson's) b. c. *Belcher*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Ariadne, 4 yrs	2	2	2
F. Zollicoffer's gr. c. *Balie Peyton*, by Stockholder, dam by Neill's Archy, 4 yrs	3	3	dis
Thos. Kirkman's ch. c. *Lantaro*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Staughton Lass, 4 y	dr		

Time, 2:05—2:04—2:06.

Catherine Barry was the favorite at 2 and 3 to 1. She went off with the lead, and maintained it, winning with ease by about a length. In the 2d heat Catherine again led off, was never headed, and came in about two lengths a-head. The 3d heat she won under a hard pull by about three lengths.—The track was very deep and heavy, and it rained all the time during the race.

FRIDAY, May 25—Purse $500, ent. 10 per cent.; free for all ages; weights as before. Three mile heats.

James Jackson's ch. c. *The Pony*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1	
A. Jackson's b. f. by Citizen, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs	2	2	
Robert Hayes' b. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	3	dis	

Time, 6:44—7:03. Track heavy.

The betting was 3 to 1 on The Pony against the field, who won the 1st heat under a hard pull, the others just saving their distance. In the second he was never headed, coming in 50 yards in advance.

SATURDAY, May 26—Weights as before. Mile heats.

B. Williams' ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir William, 4 yrs	1	1	
David Thompson's ch. c. by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Jack Andrews, 3 yrs	2	2	

Time, 2:02—2:07.

The Leviathan filly was the favorite 3 to 1. She led off in both heats, and won without a struggle.

GREENSBORO' (Ala.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced, over the *Henry Course*, on the 15th ult. We are indebted to the Secretary for the annexed report:—

TUESDAY, May 15, 1838—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Four subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's ch. c. by Andrew, dam by Arab	walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, weights as before Six subs. at $300 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Irwin Stith's b. c. *Ned Johnson*, by Andrew, dam by Sir Peter	0	1	1
Dr. R. W. Withers' br. f. by Imp. Fylde, dam by Frantic	0	2	dis

Time, 2:02—2:07—2:05. The first was a dead heat.

WEDNESDAY, May 16—Proprietor's Purse $300, free for all ages, 3 year olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—aged 124lbs.; m.'s and g.'s allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's b. c. *Rhinodino*, by Wild Bill, dam by Imp. Dion, 4 yrs	1	1	
R. W. Withers' gr. m. *Alice Grey*, by Pulaski, dam by Bell-air, 6 yrs	2	2	
J. Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, by Jerr—, dam by Pantaloon, 5 yrs	dist.		
Daniel Gray's br. g. *Cock Robin*, pedigree omitted, 5 yrs	dist.		

Time, 4:03—4:17. Won very easy.

THURSDAY, May 17—Jockey Club Purse $800; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

H. A. Tayloe's ch. c. *Pactolus*, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, 4 yrs	1	
J. Long's b. f. *Cleopatra*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 3 yrs	bolt.	

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Proprietor's Purse $200, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats.

R. W. Withers' b. f. *Henrietta*, by Bertrand, dam by Whip, 4 yrs	2	1	1
H. A. Tayloe's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs	1	2	2
J. Long's ch. g. *Bobtail*, pedigree unknown, 6 yrs	dist.		

Time, 1:53½—1:55—2:06. A well contested race.

FRIDAY, May 18—Jockey Club Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before. Two mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's b. c. *Tom Thurman*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Venus by Constellation, 4 yrs	1	1	
J. Long's gr. m. *Merino Ewe*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	2	2	
R. W. Withers' ch. c. *Santa Anna*, by Pulaski, dam by Constitution, 3 yrs	dist.		

Time not given.

SATURDAY, May 19—Proprietor's Purse $200, entrance money added; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

H. A. Tayloe's b. c. *Rhinodino*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	2	1	1	
Daniel Gray's r. m. ———, pedigree unknown	1	2	2	dr

Time, 1:55—1:53—1:56.

H. A. TAYLOE, *Sec'y*.

SUGGESTIONS TO BREEDERS AND TURFMEN.

MOBILE, (Ala.) 7th May, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I have just received a couple of letters from an English sportsman, who has a heart about the size of the Grand Stand at Doncaster, and although it was intended for my private ear, if you think the contents would be of any interest to your readers, the extracts are at your service; they were interesting to me, as some of the notions are in direct opposition to those commonly received in this country.

He says:—"If you are going to make a Breeding Farm, pray pick the driest spot you can—as to the ground, gravel does best for brood mares; but there must be plenty of water, that is, ponds, if there is no running stream. Young thoroughbred stock being quite *artificial*, require warmth, as much corn (oats) as they will eat, and a dry soil, grown grasses, but not foggy, sour grasses, that grow in the fields. *I should not care if my foals, from the time they are taken from the mother until they die, had never been in a field with a blade of grass, excepting as to making them rather softer for the gallop; this is our opinion and practice where it can be done.*"

In the United States, our breeders and trainers generally think that green pastures are *indispensable*; it is, therefore, important to know the fact, that young stock will grow well and train well without it. It must be recollected, however, that our oats in the South are far inferior to those of England, and I have been told by an English groom that they were in the habit of giving their young stock carrots and Irish potatoes occasionally, which may, from their succulent nature, supply the place of green food.

In another letter the writer says:—"*Stoutness* of blood seems to be your great and only anxiety; but *we* think stoutness depends very often, and, in short, mostly on *condition*; no horse has *strength* to win when the *wind is out*; therefore, condition is stoutness, and I am convinced that your horses have not long work enough before they run your four mile races. And I think, also, from the descriptions of your races, your jockeys *all* seem anxious to be *first*, and that when they have *won a race*, they are not contented, but still press their horses on, and thus defeat their own end. When a race is won at Newmarket, the jockey, finding his horse can out-run the others, always keeps about 3d till the last 100 yards, and wins by about a head;—they never win far, or you would not *match your horse*. But there is one great objection to this, you have several judges, and we *only one*; no two men can judge the same race; the race, if a fine one, is won by the last stride, and each side of the post is not the same—it makes the difference of a nose."

These remarks of my English friend have much good sense and truth in them, although there are some points in which our opinion differs from his.

The Jockies in this country *generally* are unquestionably much inferior to those of England—though occasionally we see a Willis, who is able to keep John Day himself wide awake. We carry such light weights that we are obliged to get *young riders*, and those too (at the South) are most commonly negroes, who cannot recollect more than one direction at a time—their skill lies mainly in *judicious use of whip and spur*.

The remarks on *long training* are true—a horse taken up bloated and full of sap in August is not fit to make a long race in the Fall—they should be run short races in the Fall, and Four mile races in the Spring. A horse, like a man, for saveral months without exercise, will get stiff and short-winded, and will require much exercise to develope his powers again—a horse in health should never be a day without exercise of some kind. Compare our Fall and Spring races, and you will see in the latter a much larger proportion of good races.

Another great mistake too, is running our 2 and 3 year olds such long and hard races—if they were not put to real hard work before they were 4 or 5, we should see better races, and hear much less about breaking down.

Very respectfully and truly yours, &c. N.

P.S. In one of your last Nos. you give a list of winning horses, which cannot fail to be interesting to American breeders, and I for one return you hearty thanks for your industry in collecting English news which we can get in no other way. I will take the liberty of making a suggestion, which I think an important one: few in this country see the English racing calendar or know anything about the length of English courses, and the kind of races they run, &c. Would it be too much trouble in giving your lists of winning horses, to state the distance ran, and whether a single dash or not?—we could then form a better idea as to the stoutness of their horses, and have something to guide us in breeding. I take the Racing Calendar myself, but there are probably not more than two other subscribers in this State.

QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY.

BY MR. SNOOKS.

Nothing would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges than is customary when there is a contest, "*the satefull old kritter*" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and anything could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up-town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a *water haul*. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers, and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged, with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the *grit*, and much of the chaff had certainly been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without being able in any way to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four miles was *being* done, (*as the priggs have it,*) I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skearey nag up to the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—"Colonel, let us have some of your *byled corn*—pour me out a buck load—there—never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday," and then wheel off to the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end; and I had some idea, in imitation of Sardanapalus, "all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat, drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a fillip," when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority.—I enquired if the hunt was up. "Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter-race as ever was read of, and I will give it 'em so you can make expenses." I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode to the thickest of the crowd. A rough hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tended twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plough against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run, as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon, or plough, or he could beat him running one hundred miles his weight on each, for $500. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch for $100 to amuse the company. Sorrel took him up, provided bay carried his present rider, and he would get somebody. Bay agreed, provided he could not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and two of Senator Benton's abominations, $100 U. States Bills, were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another $50;—agreed by Sorrel, who observing Bay shell out a $100 note, said there was no use of making change, as his note was the same amount they might as well go the $100. Promptly agreed to, and another $100 offered and immediately covered, there now being $300 a-side. Now came a proposal to increase it $300 more; Bay said—"You oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult his backer: Dan now whispered, "*spread yourself on the Bay.*" Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentleman $10 on the Bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing, that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off to consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about Short Races I ever knew, and who can see as far into a milestone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on Bay coming to get a peep at Sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her, he exclaimed—"Why, Dave, you've made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our *cake is all dough*—that's old Grapevine, and I told you paint blank to walk round her, but you're like a member of the Kentucky Legislature, who admitted, if he had a failing, it was being a *leetle* too brave." Dave replied doggedly, "How could I know Grapevine, and you told me you could beat her any how." "Yes," says Crump, "I think I can; but I didn't come 150 miles to run them kind of races—Old Tompkins has brought her here, and I like him for a *sucker*." "Well," says Dave, "I may be can get off with the race if you think you'll be licked." "No," said Crump, "when I go a catting, I go a catting; its mightily mixed up, and there's no telling who's constable until the election is over: it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a *leetle* ahead.

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the Bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d!" He now came forward and addressed the party:—"Boys, it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go in his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to $100, that is enough for a little race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the judges were selected; a *good* judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of the nominees for the ermine was a hickory over anybody's persimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated Jack Knife; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire, and his face ached perpetually, but his eyes! his eyes!! He was said to have caught a turkey buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived and thinking he was looking another way, and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could *look at his own head*. It was objected to him that he could not keep his eye on the score, as he did not see *straight*, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending that nature designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed at the same moment with his other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gob-

bler, without feathers; and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six foot, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last to run to the stand. After another toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was "hurra, my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong—lumber—go it with a looseness—root, little pig, or die." And, "Oh! my Grapevine, tear the hind sights off him, you'll lay him cold as a waggontire—roll your bones—go it, ye cripples," &c. &c. &c.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a $5, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkably wall-eyed horse, and sometime after staked another $5 with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognise again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risque.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "clear the track"—"stand back"—"get off the fence"—"the riders are mounted"—"they are coming"—"now they are off!" but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure or false alarm I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding horse. You know my seventeen year old horse that I always call the bay colt, I proposed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking into his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as tenpenny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New York collectors—they ain't cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was GOING TO TRAVEL he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise if I won it to let him have it back at $100 in case he went into Georgia this fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;—Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place; I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a griddle and fretted greatly, he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to soothe him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward looking *striker* of old Thompson's holding her by the check of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, *not to let loose in any case*, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting, doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse—it now being near dark—rode slowly off a short distance and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a stump; his neckcloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten hat; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his striker. Crump was anxious for a start as his horse was worsted by delay; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion, to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you," and away she went with an *ungovernable*. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"that's no way; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling; you should say yes! if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward: it was no use for me to let go as it would have been no race any how until you give the word."

Old Tompkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble, (an unusual thing), he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, and he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his color. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up and got off the first trial. "Ready!" "Yes!" and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry

"Glimmering through the gloom."

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard—"mare's race"—"no, she crossed over the horse's path"—"the boy with the shirt rode foul"—"the horse was ahead when he passed me." After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties, that the nag that came out on the left-hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left hand side. The Judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many ways for Sunday, after a very ominous silence and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat any thing yet: a dozen of men were produced ready to swear that gimblet-eye was 100 yards off drinking a stiff cock-tail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was run, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time: some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of a fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket; those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve; the crowd clustered together like a bee swarm. This continued until about 9 o'clock, when Crump finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the matter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race. It was received with a yell louder if possible than any former one; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment to the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess I for no earthly reason I can give, but the force of example, was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by the person with whom I had bet and staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse: "Well," said he, "shell out my $5 that I put up with that friend of yours, as I can't find him." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on *saft corn* that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder and we were seen together, and must be acquainted as we were both *furreigners* from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, 20 foot in the clear without limb, knot, windshake or woodpecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake: he very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had *been gone* three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired; I found the stakeholder that assisted at the bar, and claimed my $5 on the draw race: to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stake until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me he did not *know him from a side of sole leather*.

I left the Course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash; I discovered him drinking and offering large bets: he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting some time, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix. Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—"Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk-knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, and stepping off, commenced whittling. "Now, stranger," says he, "I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris County, Kentucky; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it happened; you see, when you offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win, and if he had won, you know, of course, it made no difference to you whether I had a stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary," (a whiskey shop in a log pen 14 foot square), "and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you *prehaps* never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was *piezen*, so I came out of the *leetle end* of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack, so as you don't want the money: I'll negotiate to suit you exactly; I'll give you my *dubisary:* I don't know whether I can pay it this year unless the *crap* of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next, probably, and I'll tell you exactly my principle: if a man waits with me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready; but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving nothing else was to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's *dubisary*, hoping at the same time that at least *enough* of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have $5 more for a stake, but on my declining, he said—"well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of caligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, }
Jessamine County, } Due Dempsey, the just and lawful sum of Ten Dollars, for value received, payable on the 25th of December, 1837 or 1838, or any time after that I am able to discharge the same. As witness my hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS. { SEAL }

I wish you would try Wall-street with this paper, as I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for a quarter-race again.

SOUTHERN RACING.

The intelligent editor of the "*Southern Advocate*" published at Huntsville, Alabama, devotes *eight columns* of that journal of the 15th ult., to reports of the Spring Races in Mississippi and Louisiana, accompanied with the following sensible remarks:—

HORSE RACING.—From the *New York Spirit of the Times*, we have compiled, condensed, and thrown together most of the Spring Racing in Mississippi and Louisiana. The accounts may not be new to many of our readers, but as it is the peculiar province of that excellent sporting journal, to furnish authentic and accurate reports of races, we have preferred waiting its receipt and copying from it, to giving the loose and often inaccurate statement of the papers. There is, however, one improvement which we would suggest to the Clerks of Jockey Clubs generally, and especially to the reporters for the Spirit of the Times—that is, in giving the races over any course, to state the *exact length of the track*, as that is quite as important as the time, the weight, age, pedigree, and other particulars, which are generally given with sufficient precision.

It appears that there are three distinct race courses in the immediate vicinity of New Orleans, each supported by a Jockey Club composed of the most honorable, distinguished, and wealthy citizens, who have associated together, lending their names, employing the influence of their station in life, and contributing their money, most freely, to the encouragement of these animated sports. Under the auspices of such names, the owners of good horses have the surest guarantee of fair and honorable competition, and a certainty of equal justice. With these assurances, both the breeder of blood stock and the sportsman have the strongest inducement to submit the pretensions of their horses to such a test as the New Orleans race courses afford. An additional inducement is the high premium offered in the rich prizes and purses, contributed by the different associations, to be run for. These exceed in amount those of any other place in the world, being more than double the whole sum contributed by the Crown of Great Britain for the support of the turf. The honorable character of those associations, and the large amount of public money put up to be run for, have been the means of attracting some of the best horses from New York, to meet and test their powers over the New Orleans courses. Such actors could not fail to drew immense crowds of gay, fashionable, and respectable people, who seem to have taken great pleasure in countenancing and encouraging these sports. Those courses have been laid out, improved, and fitted up in the very best style, and at so heavy an expense, that they are not likely to be soon abandoned. The united associations contribute from *fifty to sixty thousand dollars, annually*, in prizes of $1000 to $3000 each, to the successful competitor, all of which is a direct premium or bounty to the owner of the best horses. Nothing can have a better influence upon the breed of this noble animal, than such kind of public encouragement, and we may add, that there is no branch of agricultural industry which contributes so largely to the pleasures of a country life, as the rearing of superior domestic animals. With such a market as the South furnishes, the agriculturists of North Alabama, Tennessee, &c., have the strongest pecuniary inducement, apart from the pleasure it affords, to engage extensively in breeding fine horses. Farmers more than 1000 miles off, come past our very doors with the products of the breeding studs, in search of the New Orleans market—a market which, with proper exertion on our part, we might all but monopolize, and which would yield us vast sums annually. No country is better situated, as respects its vicinity to good markets, its soil, climate, and agricultural products—the habits and predilections of the people generally, and, above all, the supply of the right sort of stallions. North Alabama and Tennessee, by the spirited exertions of a few individuals, can boast of several which combine the essential requisites of constitution, speed, and stoutness, in a pre-eminent degree. And it may be confidently affirmed that at no distant day, this section of country will be supplied, from its own productions, with as valuable a strain of the blood horse as can be found in any part of the world.

Horse racing itself is far from being profitable to the turfman. It is an expensive amusement, in which the most successful do little more than defray expenses from their winnings. But it is essential—indeed, it is indispensable, in order to a proper comparison of the merits of horses. No other exhibition can infuse into the multitude the same spirit and zeal for the horse as public trials in a fair field; and without this feeling, the value of a superior horse can never be properly appreciated. We are well aware horse racing is sometimes obnoxious to objections, but without pretending to justify any immoral practices of those assemblies, we rejoice exceedingly to see those sports in Louisiana placed under the management of their most influential and distinguished citizens—gentlemen who will not tolerate any irregularity or unsportsmanlike conduct in those who are engaged in the immediate objects of the meeting. In the honor and integrity of those associations, the owners of horses have the surest guarantee that no partiality will be shown, or any thing permitted to injure the character of his horses, or destroy the legitimate pleasures of the sport.

We beg to direct the attention of many of our enlightened statesmen and conspicuous men of fashion to a declaration that there is now a French merchant in England who is purchasing an immense number of asses for exportation, there being a great demand for them just now in France. As the market is very dull with us, we would recommend them to export themselves; we can assure them that, like the noted Barrington, they may exclaim—

True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good. Satirist

It is well known that old Mellish initiated Lord Glengall into the art and mystery of butchering before he allowed him to marry his daughter. Some of his lordship's epistles to his future spouse were an odd compound of passionate avowals and business, as the old gentleman often employed him to communicate the state of the market to his daughter, who formerly used to keep his accounts. One of these letters, which wound up with most affectionate language, contained the following postscript:—"Mutton fell twopence a pound yesterday."

FISHES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dr. D. Humphrey Storer, of Boston, has recently made a report to the Legislature on the fishes of Massachusetts, from which the following extract is taken, which will perhaps prove not uninteresting to the student of Natural History.

Tautog.—Three smacks were employed in the harbor of Wellfleet, in the Tautog fishery, from April to November, and it was found a profitable occupation. At New Bedford 300 pounds of fresh tautog have been sold by a single market boat in a day.

Salmon.—About seventeen years since, Salmon was abundant in our rivers, and two wagons, each bearing thirty or forty fine fish from the Merrimack, supplied the Boston market during the season.—The building of dams and manufacturing establishments has almost entirely annihilated them in this Commonwealth, and we are now dependent on the Kennebec river.

Salmon Trout.—1000 lbs. are taken yearly at Sandwich.

Smelt.—At Watertown, alone, 750,000 *dozen* are taken annually in scoop nets, from the 1st of March to the first of June, and sent to Boston market.

Alewives.—For the last ten years 700 barrels a year have been taken at Watertown. They are gradually lessening at Taunton as the dams impede their progress.

Shad.—Average quantity per year taken at Watertown, 6000—at Taunton 3 to 4000.

Cod.—Boston Market is supplied by about fifteen or twenty small schooners and a large number of boats. A vessel of 25 tons, and a crew of six men took, from Oct. 24 to March 20th, 194,125 lbs.; largest quantity in one day, 7,124 lbs., which sold for $59,39; smallest quantity 337 lbs, which sold for $6,67.—Entire receipts of the five months work, $3,026 14.

Pollock.—A fleet of twenty or thirty boats frequently go off in the fall of the year to Jefferie's Ledge, and having fastened their craft together, and throwing overboard a quantity of bait to entice the fish, capture in a single night from 30 to 40 quintals to a boat.

Tomcod.—2000 bushels are taken annually at Watertown, and sent to Boston Market.

Halibut.—Eighty schoone rs, of from 60 to 80 tons burthen, are employed in this fishery from Cape Ann.

Eels.—At Medford, nets are stretched across the river, having in their middle a large bag, capable of containing from fifteen to twenty bushels; as the eels are going up or down the river, they are thus caught, and kept alive, for the supply of the market, in large ditches excavated near the river, which are supplied by the tide with water. 3000 lbs. are taken yearly at Watertown.

Some idea of the immense quantities of fish taken by the fishermen of several of our towns, may be formed from the statement of Capt. Nathaniel Blanchard of Lynn, one of the oldest and most experienced fishermen. "I have made an estimate of the fish caught by the fishermen of this place (Lynn) and I find, that there are four millions, six hundred and eighty thousand pounds caught in one year:—which is a little more than a quarter of a pound, to each inhabitant of the United States of America.—(This quantity of fish consists of cod, haddock and halibut.) There are nearly three hundred and twelve thousand pohegans used for bait—and nearly as many thrown away, and strewed on the land for manure."

Salmagundi.

In Louisiana, Brandreth's Pills are used, the papers say, to blast rocks with, they are so powerful. It is thought that a box full would remove the *bile* from Mount Ætna, if thrown into the mouth of the crater. Boston Morning Post.

A HOAX.—An advertisement was posted up at the corners of the streets yesterday, stating that a foot race would come off on the new ground near the depot of the Lowell Railroad, in the afternoon, for a purse of $500. A large concourse of people assembled to see the sport, but no runners appeared, and after waiting awhile, the crowd dispersed, pretty well satisfied that they had been essentially quizzed. The names of the Editors gulled we shall not mention. Ib.

When a puppy, whom you have been forced *to cut* for some outrageous violation of the laws which govern the conduct of gentlemen, invariably hums a ballad or whistles an opera tune, if within audible distance of you, to exhibit his indifference, be assured he is tingling under your contempt from the tip of his ears to the very extremity of his tail! Ib.

A gentleman who lately built a house was showing it to a friend, and with great glee was pointing out all its various accommodations. "My dear sir," interrupted the other, "have you made the staircase wide enough to bring down your coffin?"

There is no such thing as independence, and never was intended to be; the rich cannot do without the poor, and the poor cannot do without the rich; and we can never be independent of those whom we cannot do without.

A YANKEE OUTWITTED.—A "speculating kind of a genius," who had some Pennsylvania Coal Mine Stock to sell, located in the very richest mining district, found a customer in Baltimore, who swapped a *house lot* in Scoharie county, N.Y., for $2000 worth of the stock, and the parties separated. The stock-broker made a journey to Scoharie, to examine the location of his purchase, when he found it by accurate survey, in the very centre of the Grave Yard! and every way calculated for the erection of a "narrow house"—the last he desired to build for his own occupancy. Boston Transcript.

AGREEABLE MISTAKE.—A man in St. Louis recently presented a check for $45, to the teller of the Bank of Missouri, and received instead $4,500. On making the mistake known to the teller, he received the lie direct, and was told it was all right! Ib.

EXTINGUISHING A PERFORMANCE.—While Ellen Tree was playing in the Lady of Lyons at the Pittsburg Theatre, a few nights ago, some wag turned off the gas and left the whole house in total darkness. It was full a quarter of an hour before the performance could be resumed. Ib.

The N. Y. New Era asks, "Who has Charlotte Cushman married?" and hints that a certain editor is the "*Ladies' Companion!*" We published, yesterday, the marriage of Miss Charlotte B. Cushman to Mr Elisha Cushman, Jr., one of the proprietors of the Hartford Courier. The New Era is mystified. Ib.

ASTONISHING.—An aged woman, on crutches, stopped in front of Brandreth's office in this city, to read the sign, and, *presto change!* was immediately converted into *a blooming girl of sixteen*. Boston Daily Herald.

"PETER'S WIFE'S MOTHER."—A clerical gentleman, remarkable for preaching many Sundays from one text, had nearly run through the year from these words: "Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The church bell tolled one morning earlier than usual. The minister despatched a servant to inquire who was dead. The sexton pretended real ignorance, but returned for answer, "that he believed it was Peter's wife's mother, as she had been sick for a long time."

LIFE AND TRUST.—Two loafers were leaning against a Post on the corner of Main and Third Streets, when one, with considerable difficulty, stammered out:—

"Sam, do you know the meaning of the name of that house over there?"

"Sartin, it means that they'll insure a man's life and *trust* him till he dies." Cincinnatian.

CURE FOR SPRING FEVER.—Take a drop of pure rain water, strain it through a woollen cloth, and then boil it down to the consistency and size of a silver dollar. Mix this with a pint of brandy, and give the patient one dose a day, and repeat it if the symptoms do not subside. Boston Herald.

AMUSEMENTS.—The sporting Editor of the *New York Spirit of the Times* asks why various amusements, pleasing to the public and conducive to health, might not be got up; such as athletic exercises—feats of strength—foot-racing—trotting—leaping the bar—jumping, &c. &c. We should be glad to see something of the kind started here, and have no doubt it would succeed if properly managed. Boston Morning Post.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—The Cincinnati News says that two fellows who recently got into a quarrel in that city, fought so hard, that one of them had his *name* completely torn off! Ib.

ANECDOTE OF THE BIG DOG, POMP.—As dogs have become a great nuisance in some of our cities, we will relate a trifling anecdote of one which attracted our notice a few days since. Strolling, as we do occasionally about town, we observed in a basement-room a machine which appeared to be kept in motion by a large dog; the novelty of the thing made us stop for a moment, when we were invited by a lad, apparently about fourteen years old, to examine it. We walked down the steps, and stood for awhile somewhat astonished. The lad's father, who kept a grocery shop, sold large quantities of ground coffee, and had employed a stout, active man to grind it, until the boy, thinking it would be a source of amusement to himself and Pomp, hit upon a new plan to grind the coffee. He procured a simple machine, constructed similar to the propelling power of the horse ferry-boats, a sort of treadmill, and harnessing in the big dog, Pomp, it was set in motion, not only to his own astonishment, but that of his economical and thriving father. Pomp did very well for a time, but he had not served a regular apprenticeship, and having previously led an idle, fashionable sort of life, he did not like his present drudgery; but the boy, to make Pomp do his duty without continual watching, placed a fine cut of tender-loin steak immediately before his nose to entice him to pull the harder and keep hard at it; this might appear cruel to some persons, but it had the desired effect; the tantalizing appearance of the steak, which Pomp tried in vain to reach, made him lick his chops and pull from morning till night; every two hours, the boy states, he gives Pomp a lunch, and he has got him "broken to the harness" so well at the present time that he grinds all the coffee his father can sell; the man has been discharged, and Pomp not only earns his own living, but the boy saves a handsome sum from the wages which would have been paid to the man. Boston Morning Post.

A POLITE TOWN.—Charles II., on pas
served that this was the politest town he
appeared to be *bowing*, and the other hal
"Why don't you join the Temperan
they told me that the society was *full*."

BOAT RACE.—Three Boat Races cam
Fields, which attracted numerous spectat
each 36 feet long, and having a crew of six
Flower, and Neptune, the distance 5 mil
in about 100 yards ahead of the Kosciusk
29 minutes, 30 seconds.

The second race was between three
rowed by four men. Names as follows:
Whale. Distance, 5 miles. Time ½ mi
won with ease by the Benjamin Shamb
The Benjamin Shamburgh was built by
four Whitehallers. Names, John Horto
ker, and William Gibson—Coxswain,
was rowed by three of the Messrs. Ludl

The third race was between two pair
was won by the latter, coming in ahead

ANGLING.—Christopher North says he
upon the cruelty of angling, who did not
anecdote related to us by a friend at Na
was an eminent clergyman of this city,
as he was drawing in a small fish, said he
little animals suffer any from the effects
Mr. ——, "it would be *unnatural* to sup

The editor of the New York Spirit of
port's personation of *Richard*, the most
friend Porter has seen some astonishing

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.—A tragedy o
recently perpetrated in the western part o
in the Lakeville Express, are somewhat
great personal attractions, the daughter of
an acquaintance with a youth of wild an
sequence forbade him their house, and ex
by providing "Miss Julia Maria" with a
having performed the ceremony, the cou
of the great prairie, and for six months th
lot, and exerted herself to love, honor, an
the farmer was returning home with his
who accounted for his sudden appearance
New Orleans, where he had made a rare
was his intention to emigrate to his new
some family arrangements. The unsuspi
a day or two with him, saying, that altho
next day, the other could amuse himse
hens, or fencing-in a patch of corn, which
and returned to the house with the hospit
man renewed his intimacy with his form
exacting a promise that she would the
husband, in the meantime, had gone on a
and was not expected to return for several
and returning home late at night, he was
Without attempting to disturb the guilty
places, the flames creeping through the u
once happy home. The wretched woma
their adulterous dreams by the flames,
selves by leaping out, but below stood the
moment the casement was opened he fir
amid the burning ruins.

JOCKEYING.—We believe there has no
vears, but that some of our townsmen an
To offer advice to a person about to buy
insult. Some people, indeed, would cons
ters not to be thought knowing in such
here?" said a young farmer, pointing to
tuously at his friend, who had merely re
you see any thing green here?" he repeat
off. The young farmer had a horse to se
fair, and was not long without a dealer.
and the dealer, to lull suspicion, detracte
fing," with regard to price, the dealer sai
rate I'll try it." The young farmer suffe
to mount his horse:—the man rode off, a
heard of. The question may then fairly
here?" But older and more experienced
awake!" said a worthy and excellent fri
previous fair, to purchase a carriage ho
whenever I deal with a jockey; and if
Well!—wide awake—our friend suffered
word for its having been in harness befor
cular acquaintance mounted the box; a
upset, the shafts shattered, other injuries
The jockey, of course, swore that there
accident was solely attributable to the
circumstances he laughed at the idea o
done to the carriage. Our friend—reall
"sue a beggar," &c. and put up with th

"TIPPO SULTAN" IN

Mr. Curtis, who went out to St. Domi
returned to this city. He relates some
elephant Tippo Sultan, which took place
The animal was imported into this cou
to be the largest ever exhibited in the U
and weighs over 12,000 pounds. His t
brought to this country he has travelled
His usual gait is three miles per hour;
been known to walk sixty miles in 24
Institute, in the Bowery, and other plac
fectionate disposition. His erratic char
first time in December last, while at Po
in accordance with the memorable exa
exhibited towards his keeper, whose life
peril. In December 1836, he was e
Bowery, on the site where the building
tigress broke through the flooring of th
sprang upon a beautiful lama, which, w
were permitted to go loose. It was soo
roaring and noise of the other animals w
to have returned. The keeper hearing
patient for food, went into the room, w
the tigers preying upon the lama. He
when the tiger left his victim, and was
when he was arrested by the lion, near
him fast in his claws. In the meant
friend the keeper, wound his trunk rou
reach of harm, and kept him there s
were secured.

But to return to the incidents that e
In December last, soon after his arriva
and unmanageable, attempting severa
caravan was journeying to another par
was following on in the train, ran his
animal on the spot. The keeper was
horse, and would probably have share
fired a ball through his trunk, which
took to his heels, and the elephant rea
succeeded in getting out of his way.
to project out of his head, and amid
earthly gleams of light, resembling ba
with great fury, tearing up everything
his saddles and the canvas covering.
him back into the road, he set out an
horse, for four or five miles, the me
and if possible to seize him. Towa
commenced the work of destruction.
noise, and supposing that cattle were
ket and went out for the purpose of
Tippo, never having seen so high a c
senses, and made him drop bis gun a
at his heels. He really thought his
During the day he made repeated att
then took to the mountains, and was
about three miles, the party constant
ledge of rocks, and was so cornered

A Polite Town.—Charles II., on passing through Bodwin, is said to have observed that this was the politest town he had ever seen, as one half of the houses appeared to be *boxing*, and the other half *uncovered*.

"Why don't you join the Temperance Society?" "Why, I did apply; but they told me that the society was *full*."

Boat Race.—Three Boat Races came off on Thursday week at the Elysian Fields, which attracted numerous spectators. The first was between three boats, each 36 feet long, and having a crew of six men. Names as follows: Kosciusko, Sea Flower, and Neptune, the distance 5 miles, was won by the Sea Flower, coming in about 100 yards ahead of the Kosciusko, the Neptune being distanced. Time, 29 minutes, 30 seconds.

The second race was between three four oared boats, each 30 feet long, and rowed by four men. Names as follows: Benjamin Shamburgh, Weehawken, and Whale. Distance, 5 miles. Time ½ minute less than the 6 oared boats, and was won with ease by the Benjamin Shamburgh, coming in ahead about 100 yards. The Benjamin Shamburgh was built by Mr Benjamin Shamburgh, and rowed by four Whitehallers. Names, John Horton, Robert S. Martin, Christopher Goereker, and William Gibson—Coxswain, Francis Parmington. The Weehawken was rowed by three of the Messrs. Ludlows, and Mr. Acker, of Weehawken.

The third race was between two pair of sculls, the Dream and Ripple, which was won by the latter, coming in ahead 150 yards. Courier & Enquirer.

Angling.—Christopher North says he never knew a man who was eloquent upon the cruelty of angling, who did not beat his wife. This reminds us of an anecdote related to us by a friend at Nahant, last summer. One of his visitors was an eminent clergyman of this city, who was very fond of fishing. One day, as he was drawing in a small fish, said he—"Mr. —— do you suppose that these little animals suffer any from the effects of the hook?" "Not at all," answered Mr. ——, "it would be *unnatural* to suppose that they did." Boston Post.

The editor of the New York Spirit of the Times pronounces little Miss Davenport's personation of *Richard*, the most extraordinary effort he ever witnessed, and friend Porter has seen some astonishing things in his day. Ib.

A Domestic Tragedy.—A tragedy of a painful and appalling character was recently perpetrated in the western part of Alabama. The particulars, as recorded in the Lakeville Express, are somewhat to the following effect:—A young lady of great personal attractions, the daughter of a farmer in the neighborhood, had formed an acquaintance with a youth of wild and dissolute habits, and her parents in consequence forbade him their house, and exerted themselves to sever the connection by providing "Miss Julia Maria" with a steady middle aged husband. The squire having performed the ceremony, the couple set off for their home on the borders of the great prairie, and for six months the lady appeared perfectly resigned to her lot, and exerted herself to love, honor, and obey her liege lord. One morning as the farmer was returning home with his rifle and dogs, he met his former rival, who accounted for his sudden appearance by saying that he had just returned from New Orleans, where he had made a rare speculation in Texas lands, and that it was his intention to emigrate to his new property so soon as he had completed some family arrangements. The unsuspicious husband invited his *friend* to pass a day or two with him, saying, that although he should be going to Lakeville the next day, the other could amuse himself until his return by shooting the prairie hens, or fencing-in a patch of corn, whichever he pleased. The other consented, and returned to the house with the hospitable farmer. The next day the young man renewed his intimacy with his former sweetheart, and finally succeeded in exacting a promise that she would the next morning run away with him. The husband, in the meantime, had gone on a tour to the prairies in search of game, and was not expected to return for several days. He had his misgivings, however; and returning home late at night, he was a horrified witness of his own dishonor. Without attempting to disturb the guilty pair, he fired his house in three different places, the flames creeping through the upper stories, and encircling the roof of his once happy home. The wretched woman and her paramour were aroused from their adulterous dreams by the flames, and rushed to the windows to save themselves by leaping out, but below stood the infuriate husband with his rifle, and the moment the casement was opened he fired with unerring aim, and they both fell amid the burning ruins.

Jockeying.—We believe there has not been a Devizes Green Fair for many years, but that some of our townsmen and neighbours have been regularly jockied. To offer advice to a person about to buy or to sell a horse, is to offer a personal insult. Some people, indeed, would consider it a serious stain upon their characters not to be thought knowing in such matters. "Do you see any thing green here?" said a young farmer, pointing to his right eye, and looking very contemptuously at his friend, who had merely requested him to be on his guard. "Do you see any thing green here?" he repeated, with increased contempt, and walked off. The young farmer had a horse to sell, worth about £23. He took it to the fair, and was not long without a dealer. He very naturally extolled every point; and the dealer, to lull suspicion, detracted from every point. After some "chaffing," with regard to price, the dealer said, "Well, whether I buy or not, at any rate I'll try it." The young farmer suffered a man whom he never saw before, to mount his horse:—the man rode off, and neither man nor horse have been since heard of. The question may then fairly be put—"Do you see any thing green here?" But older and more experienced persons have been equally duped. "Wide awake!" said a worthy and excellent friend of ours, who was about to go into a previous fair, to purchase a carriage horse. "Wide awake! that's my motto, whenever I deal with a jockey; and if I am taken in, then it's my own fault." Well!—wide awake—our friend suffered a horse, which he had only the jockey's word for its having been in harness before, to be put to a new carriage. A particular acquaintance mounted the box; and within five minutes the carriage was upset, the shafts shattered, other injuries done, and the driver's neck endangered. The jockey, of course, swore that there was no fault in the horse, and that the accident was solely attributable to the unskilfulness of the driver. Under such circumstances he laughed at the idea of paying a farthing to repair the damage done to the carriage. Our friend—really wide awake—thought upon the old saw "sue a beggar," &c. and put up with the first loss. Devizes Gazette.

"TIPPO SULTAN" IN THE WEST INDIES.

Mr. Curtis, who went out to St. Domingo with this extraordinary elephant, has returned to this city. He relates some interesting incidents connected with the elephant Tippo Sultan, which took place soon after their arrival at Port au Prince. The animal was imported into this country eighteen years since, and is believed to be the largest ever exhibited in the United States. He is about ten feet high, and weighs over 12,000 pounds. His tusks are four feet long. Since he was brought to this country he has travelled more than seventy-five thousand miles. His usual gait is three miles per hour; but he can travel ten with ease, and has been known to walk sixty miles in 24 hours. While exhibited in the Zoological Institute, in the Bowery, and other places, he evinced a remarkably docile and affectionate disposition. His erratic character seems to have developed itself for the first time in December last, while at Port au Prince, which does not appear to be in accordance with the memorable example of fidelity and attachment which he exhibited towards his keeper, whose life he saved under circumstances of imminent peril. In December 1836, he was exhibited in the menagerie location in the Bowery, on the site where the building of the Institute now stands. A tiger and tigress broke through the flooring of the cage, and breaking into the apartment, sprang upon a beautiful lama, which, with the elephant and a few small animals, were permitted to go loose. It was soon killed and devoured in a short time. The roaring and noise of the other animals was terrific—all their native wildness seemed to have returned. The keeper hearing the noise, and supposing that they were impatient for food, went into the room, where the first object that met his view was the tigers preying upon the lama. He seized a stick to drive them into their cage, when the tiger left his victim, and was in the act of springing upon the keeper, when he was arrested by the lion, near whose den he was crouching, and who held him fast in his claws. In the meantime our hero Tippo Sultan hurried to his friend the keeper, wound his trunk round his waist and lifted him the air, out of reach of harm, and kept him there safely until assistance came and the brutes were secured.

But to return to the incidents that exhibit Tippo Sultan in a less favorable light. In December last, soon after his arrival at Port au Prince, he became quite wild and unmanageable, attempting several times to strike his keeper, and while the caravan was journeying to another part of the island, he fell upon a horse which was following on in the train, ran his tusks through him, and destroyed the poor animal on the spot. The keeper was knocked down in attempting to rescue the horse, and would probably have shared the same fate, had not Curtis rode up and fired a ball through his trunk, which made the elephant fall back. The keeper took to his heels, and the elephant reared up and prepared to attack Curtis, but he succeeded in getting out of his way. At this time the eyes of the elephant seemed to project out of his head, and amid the darkness of the night, to emit wild, unearthly gleams of light, resembling balls of fire. He then rushed into the woods with great fury, tearing up everything that came in his way, stripping himself of his saddles and the canvas covering. After the party had succeeded in getting him back into the road, he set out and chased one of the men, mounted on a fleet horse, for four or five miles, the men behind following in order not to lose sight, and if possible to seize him. Towards morning he broke into a plantation, and commenced the work of destruction. The planter, an old black man, heard the noise, and supposing that cattle were making havoc with his crops, took his musket and went out for the purpose of driving them out. The first glimpse of old Tippo, never having seen so high a creature before, frightened him half out of his senses, and made him drop bis gun and scamper for his domicil, with the elephant at his heels. He really thought his Satanic Majesty had made his appearance. During the day he made repeated attacks on his keeper and the company. He then took to the mountains, and was pursued in a circuitous route in his ascent about three miles, the party constantly firing upon him, till he at length came to a ledge of rocks, and was so cornered that he must either turn back and receive the fire of his pursuers, or tumble down an almost perpendicular precipice. He however chose the latter alternative, and descended more than a mile, tearing trees and rocks, and everything which impeded his progress. He ran into a small river at the bottom of the mountain, where he remained more than an hour throwing water over his body. Until then he had been unmanageable, but his wrath was somewhat subdued by the cooling influence of the water. His keeper still fearing to approach, directed Tippo to lay down, which he did. He then went up to him and succeeded in hobbling him, by fastening a chain about his legs. He continued wild and unmanageable for several days after this, but by spearing and severe discipline, he gradually yielded to the will of his keeper, and at length became so tame and docile, that he would obey any of the party. Heretofore he never submitted to yield obedience to but one master. Tippo Sultan is still on the island of St. Domingo. New York Express.

The Pigeon Match at Chalk Farm.—There was a strong muster at "the Farm," on Wednesday, to witness the shooting for the Silver Tankard, given by Mr. Bowden. The match was open to all England, and fifteen competitors entered the field, to shoot at nine birds each; the winners of public prizes standing at 24 and others at 21 yards from the trap. The charge of shot was limited to two ounces. The following were the winners of cups, and they stood at 24 yards:—Mr. Bloodsworth killed seven out of eight, Mr. Groem killed the whole of his birds, Mr. Porter seven out of eight, Mr. Parnell three out of seven, Mr. Watts six out of eight, Mr. Downton four out of seven, and Mr. Mackintosh one out of four.—The undermentioned stood at 21 yards:—Mr. Hyde killed his nine, Mr. Clarke eight out of nine, Mr. Bangs seven out of nine, Mr. Pierson five out of nine, Mr. Lamb four out of seven, Mr. Harlie four out of six, Mr. Harris four out of nine, and Mr. Lumley two out of four. At the fifth round the match excited considerable interest, there being a tie between Messrs. Groom, Bloodsworth, Porter, and the celebrated crack shot Hyde, from Cambridge. The sixth round made an alteration in the betting. Mr. Bloodsworth missed, as did Mr. Porter; when Groom and Hyde killing, they were the favourites against the field, and remained so by killing all their birds. They then shot off the tie, at nine birds each, the countryman the favourite with many, he having the advantage of three yards in distance; but Groom was freely taken for choice by his friends, who backed him to some amount, and he won the cup by killing five out of nine, making 14 from 18; and Hyde killing three out of eight, making 12 from 17. In shooting off the tie it will be seen the work was very indifferent, compared to the previous part of the match, in which the shooting of Bloodsworth, Groom, Porter, and Watts, was really splendid, and called forth the applause of all present. The cup was presented to Mr. Groom, by the landlord, after one of his usual excellent *spreads*. Bell's Life in London.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats..... 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300
} Free for all ages.

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y*.

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.
[apl21] F. K. W.

THOROUGH-BRED COLTS FOR SALE.

GRAY COLT, by Col. Johnson's Medley, (foaled in May, 1835, 15 hands one inch high,) dam by Duroc, grandam by Sir Solomon, g. g. dam Col. Hoome's imported mare Trumpetta. This is a beautiful colt.

2. BAY COLT, foaled in May, 1836, by Alhambra, dam same as above. This is a very strongly formed colt, and of promising appearance. For pedigree of Alhambra see Am. Turf Register, Vol. 7, No. 2, P. 96.

The Duroc mare was bred by Mr. James Davison, and the Sir Solomon mare by the late Mr. Hunt, both formerly of this neighborhood.

The imported mare Trumpetta was sold by a son of Col. Hoomes to the late Mr. Bela Badger, and finally came into the hands of Mr. Hunt. Trumpetta was the grandam of Mr. Badger's Trumpator, a horse of reputation now standing in the West.

The two colts may be had for $400. If not sold before the 22d of May, they will be offered at public sale during the first Spring meeting at Camden.

Applicat on to be made to the subscriber, near Bordentown, N. J.
[al4] A. ASHBURNER.

THE IMPORTED HORSE PHILIP.

AFTER a passage of nearly one hundred days from Liverpool, has been landed safely at Nashville.

Philip is a rich brown, of great strength and high finish, full 16 hands high. He continued on the Turf till 9 years old, and won 23 races, mostly long distances and heats, and ran 9 times second. His eye is clear and expressive—his ear of medium length and well pointed, and his head small, bony, and blood-like; his neck gracefully arched; withers and hips right; good barrel of sufficient length, and his legs clean, neat, and free from splint, puff, or wind, and his muscles throughout well defined. He will make his first season at Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

Tennessee heretofore had a good variety of native and imported horses, but we wanted a descendant of Haphazard and Filho da Puta—we have it in our power to tender to the public that descendant, Philip, got by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus (also the dam of Palatine, Arachne, winner 28 times. Fanny Davies, Leda, Vanish, a winner about 30 times, John, and Christiana); her dam by Hyacinthus, out of Flora (the dam of Trim, Zara, Jock, St. Dennis, and Echo,) by King Fergus—Atalanta by Matchem (the dam of Faith, Pacolet, Harold, Fox, Rosalind, Yarico, and Brademante)—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoka, her dam by Old Traveller, (sister to Clarke's Lass of the Mill)—Miss Makeless by Young Greyhound—Old Partner—Woodcock (dam of Lampton and Miss Doe)—Croft's Bay Barb (grandam of the Ancaster Starling)—Makeless (Desdemona's dam)—Brimmer—Dicky Pierson (son of Dodsworth)—Burton Barb mare.

Filho, by Haphazard, out of Mrs. Barnet by Waxy.
Haphazard, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey by Eclipse.
Camillus, by Hamiltonian, out of Faith by Pacolet.
Hyacinthus, by Coriander, out of Rosalind by Phenomenon.

Surely it is needless to say a word of Old Matchem, or to hint to a judicious breeder, that from the invincible Eclipse, the two best lines of descent are through King Fergus, Hamiltonian, Blacklock, and Camillus, &c., and Pot-8-o's, Waxy, and Coriander, &c., and if we would ascend to the renowned King Herod, where would we rather go, than through Filho da Puta, Haphazard, Sir Peter Teazle, and Highflyer.

Nashville, Tenn., March 7, 1838. [m31] THOS. A. PANKEY & CO.

SHARK.

THIS celebrated race horse and stallion, by American Eclipse, his dam the unrivalled and noted race mare Old Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy, whose colts (and not a large number) have sold for nearly $50 000, will make his season this Spring at Charlotte Court-House, Virginia, at $60 and $100 under the management of Col. Thomas P. Richardson and Maj. R. I. Gaines. If Shark is not encouraged as a stock horse, it is time to desert the genuine *breed* of the Old Dominion. He sold not long since for $15 000 cash. He is now at his stand, in fine health, ready for business—has proven himself a sure and good foal getter, five feet three inches high, remarkably handsome. His color is coal-black. Particulars hereafter. [mar. 3-tf.]

HICKORY JOHN.

THIS celebrated Racer and Thorough-bred Horse has left this place for his stand at La Grange, Troup Co., Ga., where he will remain for the Spring season only, under our charge, as he will make his appearance on the Turf again this fall, when he will have had time to recover from an injury sustained in one of his feet, when on his way hence to Columbia. His terms will be $60 the season, payable within the season; $100 insurance, payable as usual, and $1 to the groom. As a racer, it is not known that he has any superior—in point of breeding he has but few equals—he traces through the most fashionable and approved crosses to the old Cub mare, the ancestress of Bascombe, and a host of others highly distinguished on the Turf and in the Stud. His color is a rich chesnut, and his form unites beauty and strength to a degree. His pedigree and performances will be published at length in hand bills.

Mares that may be sent to him will be taken care of at the usual rates and terms.
La Grange, Troup Co., Ga. [F24-tf.] HERRING & JETER.

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15¼ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20-tf. JOHN MORRISON.

CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED.

A VERY LIBERAL PRICE will be paid at This Office for a splendid pair of Carriage Horses. Handsome bays, with long tails, about 15½ hands high, would be preferred; they must have superior action, and be well broke. Apply immediately to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

REMOVAL.

MILFORD (agent), formerly proprietor of the American Hotel, 229 Broadway, has removed to the CARLTON HOUSE, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

This new and elegant establishment has very superior accommodations. A large number of Parlors, with Chambers attached, are provided for the reception of Families, and Gentlemen desirous of obtaining that kind of arrangement for their occasional residence in the City.

The Drawing Rooms are situated on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street, and consist of two splendid apartments, connected by folding doors, and devoted exclusively to Families not having Parlors. A Parlor is also provided on Broadway for Gentlemen.

All the Arrangements of this Mansion are calculated to ensure attention, comfort, and privacy.

The dining hour for Ladies and Gentlemen, not having a separate table, is 5 o'clock; but a table is laid at half past 3 o'clock for those who prefer an earlier hour, or leave town in the afternoon boats.

☞ The charges for board, Wines, &c. &c., will be found more than usually reasonable. [m26-4t*]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 2¼ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the prominent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia by Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8-o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs, in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15s. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over, and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. The season to commence on the 1st of February, and continue till the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipator—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Selinus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb. Two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting; 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb., and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst. Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.* and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton. [F3-tf

EMANCIPATION.

THIS celebrated English Racer and splendid Stallion will occupy Rowton's Stand, at Col. W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, under the direction of Mr Wm. J. Geiger, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and $1 to the groom, the money to be paid in advance. The season will commence on the 1st of Feb. and end the 1st. of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and separate lots for such as may have young foals, and mares well fed at 50 cents per day. Every care will be taken to guard against accidents, but no responsibility should they occur.

Emancipation, so named under the great excitement about the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, was bred by Mr. Riddle, and was foaled in 1827. He was got by Whisker (own brother to Whalebone, &c.) sire of The Colonel and Memnon, winners of the St. Leger. His dam was got by Ardrossan; one of the best sons of the famous John Bull; his grandam Lady Eliza, by Whitworth; his g. g. dam XYZ's dam, by Spadile, out of Sylvia by Young Marske, &c. By reference to the 7th vol. page 101 of the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, his extended pedigree may be seen, as also his performances on the turf, which latter are but little inferior to any horse ever imported into this country. He is a beautiful bay, with black legs, mane and tail, 16 hands high, of great length, and commanding figure. His bone is large, with muscles well defined; his action good, and accompanied by indications of uncommon power. His stock are considered very promising; his oldest were two years old last Spring; of these, some few were trained last season, and two of them have been winners—Angela, who won the Chillington Stakes, August 5th, beating a field of five others, at Wolverhampton; and Compensation, winner of a stake at Hednesford, October 31st, beating three others.

For black servants sent with mares no charge will be made: having no accommodations for white persons on the spot, they must board elsewhere. [F24-tf.]

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Bushe where he will continue his practice an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur [J19]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Match, $10,000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney*. Fall meeting.
BEANS'STATION, Tenn. Match, $1000 a-side, *Levinia Rudd* vs. *Ann Barrow*, 4th July.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metarie Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - - Sulphur Spring Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th June.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

News by the Packets.

By the arrival of the packet ship *St. Andrew*, from Liverpool, we have received London papers to the 8th ult. The sporting intelligence furnished us by the St. Andrew is of a highly interesting character, comprising, in addition to matter of a miscellaneous character, a detailed report of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. We did not obtain our papers in season to give more than a summary of this important meeting, deferring the entire report until our next. From the character of the racing in the Craven week, great anxiety was manifested in relation to the present one, immense sums having been laid out on the two "cracks" for the 2000 gs. Stakes—Grey Momus and Bamboo. The betting, in consequence of an impression that the field would be small, was rather in favor of the latter, though the sums laid out upon the Grey plainly showed that his friends did not deem themselves leaning upon a broken *reed*. But a short time previous to the race it was thought that not less than six or seven horses would show, which diminished in some degree the chances of the two favorites. The racing on each day was good, and the assemblage comprised more than an ordinary number of fashionables, though the weather for the first two days "was no better than it should be."

The first race, for £50, for 4 yr. olds, was won by Mr. Sowerby's Scamander, beating Combat, Bravo, and Jacob Faithful.

The Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, was won by Mr. Bond's f. by Partisan, out of Coquette, beating a f. by Defence, Davie Gellatley, a ch c., brother to Circassian, and H. B.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards, was won by the Duke of Richmond's c. Bracelet, defeating a field of ten.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for foals of 1835, was taken by the Duke of Grafton's Chymist, beating Jagger, Caligula, and brother to Cactus.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for 4 yr. olds, was won by Lord Suffield's Cowboy, beating Duke of Richmond's Skilleygolee and Mr. Wilson's Quicksilver.

A Match for 300, 200 ft., between Lord Suffield's Caravan and Lord Lichfield's The Carpenter, was won by the former.

A Match of 200, h ft., between Lord Chesterfield's Scroggins and Mr. Thornhill's Mendizabal, was won by the former.

Duke of Portland's c. Bœotian, received ft. from Lord Tavistock's c. by Taurus, in a Match for 100, h. ft.

At the close of the first day the 2000 gs. Stakes was re-considered, and the betting became of a desultory character. The Derby stood thus:—7 to 1 against Phœnix (taken), 9 to 1 agst. Young Rowton, 10 to 1 agst. Bamboo, 10 to 1 agst. Grey Momus, 12 to 1 agst. Nonplus (taken), 15 to 1 agst. Ion, 17 to 1 agst. Alemdar; 600 to 500 on Scott's lot agst. Phœnix and Young Rowton (taken), 250 to 200 on Ion agst. Alemdar.

The second day brought out for her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for mares, Lord Exeter's Velure, who defeated La Meprise, Arsenic, and Battersea Lass.

The 2000 Guineas Stakes, for 3 yr. old colts, was won by Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. Grey Momus, beating Bamboo, Saintfoin, and three others.

Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft., for 4 yr. old colts, was won by Mr. Greville's Mango, beating Adrian and Edgar.

Lord Suffield's Cowboy received ft. from Mr. Thornhill's Egeria, in a Match for 200, half forfeit.

The effect of the 2000 Guineas Stakes was palpable by the rise in publlc favor of Grey Momus for the Derby.

On Thursday Lord Exeter's Dardanelles beat the Duke of Richmond's Bracelet, Mr. Payne's Austerlitz, and Mr. Bond's Coriolanus, for a Gold Cup, value 40 sovs.

The 1000 gs. Stakes was won by Lord Albemarle's Bracelet, beating Mecca and Romania.

The Queen's Plate of 100 gs. was won by Mr. Bird's Redshank, beating Dardanelles, St. Luke, and Policy.

On Friday, the Handicap (1st class) of 10 sovs. each, was won by the Duke of Richmond's Bracelet, beating a field of four.

The Newmarket Stakes of 500 sovs. each, h. ft., was won by the Duke of Portland's Bœotian, defeating Beggarman, Dædalus, and Romania.

Handicap (2d class) of 10 sovs. each, was won by Mr. Bond's Reveller, beating St. Luke, Hooghley, and Gil Blas.

The following is the statement of the betting on the Derby at the close of the meeting:—5 to 1 agst. Grey Momus (taken), 11 to 2 agst. Phœnix (taken), 9 to 1 agst. Young Rowton, 12 to 1 agst. Cobham (taken), 13 to 1 agst. Nonplus, 15 to 1 agst. Ion, 20 to 1 agst. Early Bird (taken), 20 to 1 agst. Beggarman. Cobham was backed for £300. For the Oaks, 7 to 1 agst. Vespertilio, and 7 to 1 agst. Barcarolle.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Friday last Henry Johnson, of Nottingham, fishmonger, undertook for a wager made over a glass of grog, with the landlord of the Old Half way House, between Newark and Lincoln, to drive his mare 16 miles within the hour, carrying one ton two stone, Johnson betting £10 to £8. The start took place on Saturday at the Post-office, Newark, and the mare accomplished the task in an hour and a half. The mare is 16 or 17 years old, and is only 15 hands high; she ran in the Leeds mail for seven years, and was purchased by Johnson for 50 s. This is allowed to be an extraordinary performance.

Died at Grantham, on Wednesday last, Mr. William Green, horse-dealer. He was well known in the Belvoir and other hunts, and was much respected; he was the principal promoter of the Grantham Steeple-chase, and his death is supposed to have been occasioned by his taking cold whilst training for a race.

DONCASTER RACES.—The liberal grant of the Council in aid of the races, has been properly left to the Stewards, the Duke of Cleveland and C. C. Greville, Esq., to appropriation to such stakes as in their judgment would most tend to benefit the races, and give satisfaction to the owners of the horses. It gives us the greatest satisfaction to perceive that the liberality of the Council has been met with equal spirit by the Stewards, as, independent of their joint munificent gift of $300 for the cup, his Grace the Duke of Cleveland has added the further sum of £50 to the stake bearing his name.

Phosphorus, winner of the last Derby, was sold at Newmarket on Wednesday to the Duke of Brunswick for 910 gs.

The following horses have left Scott's stables at Newmarket for Epsom:—Jagger, Davie Gellatley, Anchorite, and sister to Bamfylde. Hornsea is gone to Bretby, in company with the colt out of Tranby's dam.

General Chasse and Pelops, purchased by Mr. Kirby for the Emperor of Russia, left this city on Tuesday last for Hull, to be shipped for Russia. They were accompanied by nine brood mares, purchased by Mr. Cortis, of this city, which are destined for the same country. York Courant.

Mr. Hough's mare, of the Duke of York, Doncaster, by Amadis, dropped a colt foal on Wednesday night last, by Young Whisker, the property of Mr. Hodgson, of Doncaster.

The following mares have arrived at the Stud House, East Acton, to Sir Hercules:—Lord Jersey's mare by Sultan, out of Filagree; Mr. Shelley's Sister to Green Mantle, and a mare by Pantaloon, out of Bisterd's dam; Mr. Rawlinson's Ruby, by Rubens, with a splendid colt by Sir Hercules; Nanine, with a colt by Emilius; Dromedary's dam, with a filly by Rockingham; Polymnia (Blaise's dam), Maldonia; Juniper Mare; Mr. Fuller's Jessy (Jerry's dam), with a colt by Bran; Lord Verulam's Duvernay; Colonel Peel's Electress; Mr. Forth's Echo, by Emilius; Mr. Rothschild's Worthless, by Walton, dam Altisidora; Mr. Sainsbury's Apparition, by Comus; Mr. Rush's Phantom, with a colt by Plenipo; Moss Rose is sister to Velocipede; Squib, and Toso.

Mr. T. A. Smith has sold Redcar, by Catton, out of Slight, to Earl Stradbroke; he has also disposed of his van to Lord Jersey, and put Captain Rock out of training.

The mile match between the two crack nags, Gypsey, the winner of the Cup at Camberwell, and Chance, the Charlton horse, came off on Wednesday last. After the first quarter of a mile the horse broke, which resulted in his defeat.

EXTRAORDINARY TROTTING MATCH.—A match of an extraordinary description was made at Tom Spring's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Burke, who has distinguished himself by various feats which he has performed with different horses, took a bet of £250 to £50 that he will, within two months from the 1st inst., produce a horse, mare, or gelding, to trot 19 miles within one hour, on the turnpike-road, to be ridden by himself in saddle, and subject to all the usual rules of trotting. The feat thus undertaken has never been accomplished in this country, and certainly almost exceeds possibility. Long odds are offered against the undertaking, and should it come off, great interest will be excited.

Mr. Power, M. P. for Waterford County, has purchased the well-known steeplechace horse Splendor, of Mr. Anderson, for £400. This gentleman is now as well mounted as any man in England, being the owner of Valentine, Carlo, Splendor, and seven others, all real good ones, that can go the pace.

Mr. Priest, of Wakefield, has purchased Annaline, by Brutandorf, to put to his horse Macedonicus.

THE GREAT DONCASTER FOOT RACE.—Tuesday last was the day on which took place the great foot race between Richard Drinkwater of Sheffield, and John Farnsworth, of Coningsbro', for £120, the former staking £70 to £50. The distance (six miles) was completed by Drinkwater in 39 minutes, winning by about 70 yards. The day previous, the winner had been employed in unloading a vessel of coals. Bell's Life in London, May 6.

MUNIFICENCE.—It is said that the late Duchess of St. Albans, after the death of Mr. Coutts, until her own demise, gave away nearly half a million sterling, principally among the families of Sir Francis Burdett, the Countess of Guilford, and the Countess of Bute.

PATRIOTISM.—A person entering the House of Commons when the Rump Parliament was sitting, exclaimed, "These are goodly gentlemen—I could work for them all my days for nothing."—"What trade are you, my good friend?" asked one of the attendants. "A rope-maker," replied the other.

CHOICE OF NAMES.—We were once acquainted with a couple who had made choice of the most noted names of the day for all their children, some half a dozen, and the proud mother of the young Gracchi would take every occasion to "call the roll" of the "great folks," in something like the following manner:—"You Martha Washington! come here this moment, and mind Andrew Jackson and William Shakspeare, while Arthur Wellington helps Napoleon Bonaparte over that mud puddle, and then run and call your *daddy* to dinner!"

FOOTE.—Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Foote's, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the widow of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began, and said, "I love my love with an N., because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with, "I love my love with a G., because he is a Gustus; "and I love my love with an F.," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fysician." Such was the imputed orthography of these very learned ladies.

TO SPORTSMEN.

INDIA RUBBER BOOTS, of the ordinary length, or topped with India Rubber Cloth, for Shooting or Fishing.—These boots are much lighter than leather, are very durable, and of course perfectly water-proof. A variety of these Boots, with and without leather soles, constantly on hand or made to order.

A general assortment of India Rubber Articles, among which are Ladies' and Gentlemens' Lined and Over Shoes, Cloth of every description, Mitter's Horse Boots, Life Preservers, Life Vests, etc. etc.

S. C. SMITH, India Rubber Store, 66 Chatham-St, Second door above the Commercial Bank.

[J9-3t*.]

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED, handsomely printed in demy 8vo., embellished with twelve Etchings after Cruikshank, engraved by Dick, a Supplement to the American Edition of Bentley's Miscellany, rendering it complete in every respect, and embracing, in one number, the first nineteen chapters of *Oliver Twist*, by Boz, the first six parts of *Nights at Sea*, by the Old Sailor; and the first and second papers of *The Narrative of John Ward Gibson*, by C. Whitehead.

These are works which any publisher might be proud to take by the hand. Of BOZ it is hardly necessary to speak. His Pickwick Papers were sketches of actual life and whimsical characters, and evidently the work of a keen mind, having abundant opportunities of observing and using them wisely. They were lively, racy, and agreeable, but they lacked the exquisite pathos, and we doubt if they possess the natural humor of Oliver Twist. In this last tale the author is grave, pleasant, touching, and satirical; gravity without dulness; pleasantry without pertness; pathos without affectation; satire without scurrility. It will be illustrated after the manner of the inimitable Cruikshank.

The *Nights at Sea* are classed among the most pleasing and popular of modern stories; full of interesting anecdote and busy incident; with a lively vigor about the portraits, and an admirable disposition of the lights and shadows of naval life.

Mr. Whitehead, the author of *The Narrative of John Ward Gibson*, is one of the cleverest writers in England; and this "Narrative" one of his happiest productions. His descriptions are remarkable for their accuracy and vividness, and the whole work—full as it is of instruction and amusement, and of great and varied talent—will be read with the highest interest and satisfaction.

Bentley's Miscellany has met with a success unequalled in periodical literature; and these selections are well fitted to keep up the intense and universal interest which its recent numbers have excited.

WM. LEWER, Corner of Broadway and Pine-street.

New York, June 1, 1838.—[J9-1t*.]

St. MATTHEWS (S. C.) RACES.

THE AnnualRaces, over the Richardson Course, will commence on Tuesday, 8th January, 1839, and continue four days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1835, sub. $100, P.P., Two mile heats. Closed with nine subs, viz:—

John C. Singleton names b. c. by Godolphin, out of Young Lottery.
James B. Richardson names b. c. by Virginius, out of Financier.
Edward Richardson names br. f. by Godolphin, out of Miss Rock.
John Colclough names s. c. by Godolphin, dam by Kosciusko.
Donald Rowe names s. f. by Argyle, dam by Kosciusko.
Thos. Richardson names b. f. by Virginius, dam by Sir Archy.
P. McRa names b. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Financier.
P. M. Butler names ch. f. by Mons. Tonson, out of Imp. Merryfield.
J. G. Guignard names b. f. by Dorken, out of Sortorius.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Three mile heats.
Third Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats. } Free for all.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats.

[m12 8t] THOMAS OLIVER, *Secretary*.

BEACON COURSE, NEW JERSEY.

$1200 IN PURSES, WILL BE GIVEN FOR FOOT RACING, And other Athletic Exercises, on this Course, being within one mile of New York.

THE MEETING for the above Purses will commence on Wednesday, 27th June, and continue two days.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY. (To commence at 1 o'clock.)

A Purse of $300 for a Foot Race, Two mile heats, the best 3 in 5 to win the money. $25 of the purse to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the greatest distance Walked in one hour. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $25 for Running two hundred yards. $5 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the Highest Leaps over a Bar, (to Run and Leap). $10 of the money to the 2d best.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

A purse of $550 for a Foot Race, Three mile heats. $50 of the money to go to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for Running a quarter of a mile. $10 of the money to the 2d best.

Same Day—A purse of $50 for the farthest three Jumps, (to Stand and Jump.)

Same Day—A purse of $25 for the farthest Pitch of a Bar.

Same Day—To close the performance, a purse of $100 for a Bag Race, three hundred yards. $15 of the money to the second best, $10 to the third best; if there should be but two entries, the second will be entitled to $25.

☞ Entries for the purses of $300 and $500 will close on Saturday, the 23d of June, and all other Entries to close at 5 o'clock in the Evening, the day previous to the Race.

Entries to be made with Mr. SLOAT, at the Course. For either of the above Purses two or more must enter to entitle the Winner to the money.

Persons wishing to enter for the above, will give information of the same to Mr. Sloat, as early as possible.

All difficulties to be decided by the Judges of the day.

Persons entering for any of the above Purses, will be charged 5 per cent. for each Purse so entered for.

C. S. BROWNING, One of the Proprietors of Beacon Course.

P.S.—In case of unfavourable weather a *White Flag* will be hoisted at the Stand, which may readily be seen from the city. [J2-4t]

FOR SALE.

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

TROTTING—BEACON COURSE, HOBOKEN.

THE SECOND SPRING MEETING, over the above course, will commence on Tuesday, 19th June, and continue four days.

First Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $200, free for all Pacing horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Second Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—A match against time, for $1000. Mr. McMan is to ride his bay horse 33 miles in two successive hours.

Third Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $200, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $200, Two mile heats, in Harness.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Fourth Day, at 2 o'clock—Purse $100, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100, Two mile heats, under the Saddle.

Same Day, at 4 o'clock—Purse $300, free for all trotting horses except the winner of the above free purse, Two mile heats, in Harness. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y*.

Hoboken, N. J., June 1, 1838. [J2-3t]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellent assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

METAIRIE RACE COURSE, NEW ORLEANS.

THE FIRST FALL MEETING over this Course, will take place on the 2d Wednesday, 12th December, 1838.

First day—Mile heats, Purse $500
Same day—Two mile heats. 750
Second day—Three mile heats. 1200
Third day—Four mile heats. 2000
Fourth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. 700
Fifth day—Three mile heats, Proprietor's Purse. 1000

The Nashville Rail Road, New Orleans Canal, the splendid shell road on the bank of the same (the finest carriage road in the Union), together with the Metairie Road, give more numerous and delightful means of approach to this, than any other.

JAMES S GARRISON, RICHARD ADAMS, THOMAS J. WELLS, } *Proprietors.*

New Orleans, April 15, 1838. [a28] S. M. READ, *Sec'y of the M. J. C.*

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

THIS Institution, formerly of Courtlandt-street, will be re-opened for the reception of pupils on the first of May next, at 258 Spring-street, near Hudson. Arrangements have been made for persons coming from the country, and others that choose it, to board at the Institute, and thus be constantly under the superintendence of the Principal. The system taught will be the same as practised by the subscriber for the last five years, with such complete success. Hundreds of persons in this city and the adjoining country, have experienced its benefits, and testified to its complete efficacy in curing the worst of stammerers. Pupils will be received from five years old to forty, and a cure in all cases guaranteed, or the money will be refunded.

Terms, from $25 to $100, (the indigent cured gratis). For further information apply to the subscriber at the Institute, if by letter, post paid.

Circulars can be had, by applying as above, containing certificates of cures, recommendations, &c. HENRY WELLS, *Principal*.

New York, April, 1838

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, games, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

ALEXANDER, by Pacolet, out of Jenny Ribond by Doublehead—at Dr. John D. Winston & Co.'s stable, Columbia, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 the season.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, and $75 to insure.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant—at Maj. B. Lucken's stable, Franklin Co., Ky., at $50.

BRAVO, by Waxey, dam by Imp. Buzzard—at Birch & Shirley's stable, Elizabethtown, Ky. at $25, and $30 to insure.

BERTRAND Jr., will stand the present season at H. Dalby's stable, Augusta Ga., at $60 the season.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna—at Fairfield race course, Va. at $75 and $125.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp by Gohanna, will stand at the stables of Alexander Carter, at Mount Meigs, Ala., at $100.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison—at A. T. Nolan's stable, 4 miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Pilot's dam by Gallatin—in the vicinity of Lancaster, Pa.

COLLINGWOOD stands at Carrolton, Carrol County, Arks.

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima—at the stable of Jas. Bathgate, Esq., in the village of West Farms, 12 miles from the City of New York, at $40—$60 to insure.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, will stand at the stable of Capt. Edward H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. G.

FRANCIS MARION, by Marion, out of Malvina by Old Sir Archy—at the stable of James J. Pittman, Marianna, Florida, at $50, payable 1st Dec. next.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford by Imp. Bedford—at Jilson Yates & Co.'s stable, Shelbyville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

GOVERNOR BURTON, by Mons. Tonson, out of Lady Burton—at Rutherfordton and Morganton, N. C., at $20, and $30 to insure.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time. ALBERT A. JETER.

HIAZIM, by Sir Archie, out of Jenny (the dam of Polly Hopkins) by Imp. Archduke—at John Scott's stable, Cynthiana, Harrison Co., Ky.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

JACKSON, by John Richards, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Pendleton and Greenville, S. C., at $20 for half-blood, and $30 for blood mares; $50 to insure.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasses gratis.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, will stand at Oaks, Limestone County, Ala., the residence of Dr. A. Whitlocke, at $100—$120 at the end of the year—$200 insurance—$1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by American Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition—at Joseph H. Van Mater's stable, Monmouth County, N. J., at $40 to insure.

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop by Duroc—at Bason Spring, Breckenridge, Ky., at $30

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, will stand at Thomas A. Pankey's stable, at Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., at $100 the season—$1 to groom

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga., at $60 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc—at the stable of James Holmes, Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., under the care of Jesse Luton, at $40 and $60.

RATTLER will stand at the farm of G. W. Parker, two miles north of Gallatin, Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy—at Charlotte Courthouse, Va., at $60 and $100.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stables of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

SENATOR, by Bertrand, out of Princess by Pacolet—at the stable of Dr. J. D. Winston & Lewis Sherley, Burksville, Ky., at $30, and $40 to insure.

STAFFORD, *Imported*, by Memnon; dam by Piscator, grandam by Sir Peter—at the Plantation of J. Wright, near Cheraw, S. C.—[*]

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttlemore—at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50 and $100.

STOCKHOLDER, by Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen—at Hopkinsville, Christian County, Ky. at $50—$75 to insure—$1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

WOODPECKER, by Bertrand, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford—at the farm of John Cunningham, Bourbon County, Ky., at $50.

ZINGANEE, (Garrison's), by Sir Archy, out of Atalanta by Imp. Chance—at Dr. J. C. Gibson's farm, near Culpeper Court House, Va.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1838.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

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